

THE
TRAVELS
OF
Don Francisco De
QUEVEDO,

Through
Cerra Australis Incognita,
Discovering The
Laws, Customs, Manners and Fashions,
Of The
South Indians,

A
NOVEL.

Joseph Hall
Originally in Spanish.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

LONDON,
Printed for William Grantham, at the
Crown and Pearl, over against Exter-
Change, in the Strand. 1684.

Quevedo's Travells.



*Printed for William Grantham
Booke-seller in the Strand.*
Edrington, sculp.

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TO THE READER.

Reader,

YOU are not to Attribute what follows, to any vanity in the Translator; as if like Pigmalion he had been in Love with his Work; he values Popular Applause, as a Transient Air, that vanishes into an Insignificant Nothing.

Under this Allegory, the too much prevailing Fopperies, and Vices of various sorts of People, are lively represented, and exposed to the World, to the

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3 Mr 16 Pickering 1030

To the Reader.

the end that they may be perswaded from, or made ashamed of them.

Preambles and Allegories, have been used in Sacred Writ; yet not censured as Romantick; and though this Peregrination is represented in the Nature of a Romance; it is only with an intent by Delightful Vanity, To Please and Convince at the same time, *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci, profitable things intermixt with delightful are Captivating.*

Here is Brisk Ingenious Fancy; and Satyrical enough against the usual Vices, and Ragnant Roguries of both Sexes; (for I think that word may be used in a Feminine, as well as a Masculine Sence;) if your fancy incline to read it, you may; if not, you may let it alone.

Touching the Original; Know, 'twas my good hap to Arrive at Bilboa, just when this Ingenious Piece of Antiquity in Manuscript, was taking Post from

To the Reader.

from a Chandles Shop, to the Land of Oblivian. By this means I had the Opportunity and Success, to Redeem from the Teeth of time, and every Paw of Destruction, This so Admirable and pleasing a Tract, Originally in Spanish; whose beauty appeared to me in Tatter'd Robes, to be the very Emblem of Eternity, it having neither begining nor end; and therefore the more justly I call it a piece of Antiquity.

It was very much defaced; Time or Accident having Worn, or Torn out those Characters, which serve for distinction of Ages; as also our Travellers Name; Except in one place, where was Remaining thus much of the Moufe-eaten Author, **Don D.** And from hence I concluded, it must be either **Quevedo**, or **Quirot**; but that it was rather the former: I offer this Reason.

Because, He of all the Spacious and Flourishing Kingdom of Castile, was only

To the Reader.

only Valiant to a Miracle: He that never flinch'd at a Voyage to those Dangerous Caverns, in Plutos Subterranean Dominions; was only capable to undertake this so hazardous a Journey; Through the Confines of Terra Australis Incognita.

But you may Answer, that was but a Dream, Why? may be so too; and what if this should prove no more, for it seems as unlikely to be reall as that; but I hope if our Circumstances can prove our Indefatigable Don the Author, it will be sufficient to gain your good Opinion, and Acceptance; and pray why may not we allow him to walk in his sleep, as well upon the Surface of the Terrestrial Globe, as to the Centre.

And further to Convince you, I assure you the Spanish was excellently Smooth and Eloquent, in which our Elaborate Don was the Nonsuch.

*But then Indeed the Character was Black, Knotty, Rough and Uneven;
Like*

To the Reader.

Like the Notes in Gamut, well understood by him; but almost unintelligible to a Shallow Capacity. And hence a seeming Objection may arise, in the Opinions of such as knew the fairness of his Writing: but in my Concept, is answered with this Question.

Think you that his intimacy with the Internals, could not obtain for his Attendant, one of Plutos Secretaries, to note, and transcribe what his Curiosity Observed; yes doubtless; and 'tis the rather my Opinion, because it seem'd to be Written with a Cloven hoof.

If so, how far the Courtesie exceeded Common favours, Judg ye, when the Devil to Accomodate him, should leave those Hot Subterranean Mansions, and expose himself to the Sharp Ayr, under the South Pole, and run the hazard of getting a Kentish Ague.

From these Arguments I Conclude in the Affirmative, and I would have you

To the Reader.

*you do so too; and then as soon as you
will Hoist out the Boat, and Ashore
all hands, to make new Discove-
ries.*

*While I (Somewhat too stiff to
Complement, after so toylsom a Jour-
ney) will make bold to Rest,*

Thine in good Earnest,

R. S.

A. N.



A N

INDEX.

- T**He Discovery of the Land of Belly-
All-Main, a part of the South In-
dies, Called, Terra Australis Incognita,
Bordering upon Terra Dell Fuego. Pag. 1.
Of Eat-All Main or Gluttonia. p. 3.
Of Dressingburgh, the first Canton of
Eat-all-main. p. 5.
Of Banquetois, the second Canton of Eat-
all-main. p. 9.
Of Pewter-Plateria, the third Canton of
Eat-all-main. p. 11.
Of the Metropolitan City of Eat-all-main,
called, Flesh-Pasti-Nople. p. 12.
The Wars of the Eat-all-mains. p. 23.
Of Idle-Burgh, and Imperial free Town.
p. 25.
The Religion of the Eat-all-mains. p. 28.
The Laws of the Eat-all-mains. p. 31.
Of the Election of the Great Duke. p. 34.
Of Starvling Island or Hungerland. p. 43.
Of Drink-all-main, the second Province of
Belly-all-main. p. 44.
Of

The Index.

Of the Shires of the Province of Drink-all-main. p. 46.

The Description of Carousi-Kanikin, the chief City of Drink-all-main; as also the Fashions, and Manners of the Drink-all-mains. p. 49.

Of the Knights of the Golden Tun, & the Laws of the Drink-all-mains. p. 59.

Of the Arts, and Military Disciplines of the Drink-all-mains. p. 63.

Of the Funerals of one of the Chief Quagmirist's. p. 65.

Of Brandy-Burgh, or Liquor-Ardens; and of the Pilgrimage of St. Brochio. p. 69.

A Description of Bottles-Brook. p. 77.

The Second Part.

T*He Description of Woman-Decoia: Or Shee-Landt, of the Scituation and Parts thereof.* p. 81.

How Quevedo was used by the Gossip-Ingoesses. p. 83.

Their Forms of Government, and Elections of Persons of State. p. 87.

The Original of the Shee-Landesses. p. 90.

Of Giglot-Tangier. p. 92.

Of Shrews-Burgh. p. 96.

The

The Index.

The Third Part.

O <i>F the Scitnation of Fooliana and Populousness thereof.</i>	Pag. 107.
<i>The Parts of Fooliana, and the Peoples conditions in General.</i>	p. 109.
<i>Of Fooliana the Fickle.</i>	p. 116.
<i>Of the Peoples Conditions & Attire.</i>	p. 119.
<i>Of Fooliana the Fond.</i>	p. 126.
<i>Of Ass-Sex.</i>	p. 128.
<i>Of the Cities of Cockscorn-baya and Ass-Sex, and of Blocks-ford the Metropolitian.</i>	p. 131.
<i>Of the Marquisate of Spendall-ezza.</i>	p. 140.
<i>Of Clawback-Court.</i>	p. 143.
<i>Of Fooliana the Fat.</i>	p. 147.
<i>The Quality and Conditions of the People.</i>	p. 150.
<i>Of the Paradise of Fooliana the Fat.</i>	p. 155.
<i>Of Fooliana the Devout.</i>	p. 162.
<i>The State Publick of Fooliana the Devout.</i>	p. 165.

The

The Index.

The Fourth Part.

The Description of Theevingenia, its
Situation. p. 169.

The Conditions of the Robbers-Walders.
p. 171.

The Pyrates and Sea-Borderers of Rob-
bers-Waldd. p. 177.

Of Lyers-bury-Plain, and of the City of
Pick-Pocket-Angul; with the Nature
of the Liegerdemanians. p. 179.

Of the Province of Still-Moore: Or, Nun-
quam Satis. p. 190.

A

Prologue.

R Eports by hear-say, who will credit?
 What though the Parish-Parson said it?
 But that the Truth may pass for Credo,
 I, even I my self, Quevedo;
 Resolv'd to visit Forreign Islands, (lands,
 The Southern Climates, Low and High-
 Lands which indeed were other Peoples,
 To view their Towns, their Churches, Stee-
 Their Cities, Forts, and Magazines, (ples;
 The Courts of Forreign Kings and Queens;
 Their Manners, Habits, Customs, Fashions,
 And various kinds of Habitations.
 Such things, so tickling to my Fancies,
 As I have Read in Old Romances,
 As Gyants, and Inchanted Castles,
 Whose Fanes & Sumptuous Turrets Dazles
 The Eyes of such as passed by,
 If they by Chance Look up so high)

These

A Prologue.

*These Curiosities invite me,
With hopes that Travel will delight me,
To launch into the Curled Ocean,
And hoisting Sail the Ship had Motion,
Which ready lay, when we had stept in,
To plow the Watry Plains of Neptune,
We having Sail'd 3 Leagues, or Nine Miles,
Lost sight of Landmarks, Steeples, Wind-
Now trusting only to the Compass, (mills;
Though Neptune's surly surges thump us,
Wee in good time got safely over;
But what our passage did discover,
To tell the Truth, was no great matter,
For all we saw, was Sky and Water.
Well, but suppose I me come on Shore,
And then suppose but one thing more,
That what so e're is worth your Notice,
Is in this Little Book, and so 'tis.*

The

*The Discovery of the Land of
Belly-All-Main, a part of the
South Indies, Called, Terra
Australis Incognita, Borde-
ring upon Terra Dell Fuego.*

Of its Scituation.

THE Land of *Belly-Alt-
Main*, is a Region far ex-
tending both in *Longitude*
and *Latitude*, bounded on
the North with the *Æthiopian Oce-
an*, on the East with the *Sheelands*,
on the South with *Fooliana* the Fat,
and on the West with the *Filching-
Fens*. It lyeth in that undiscove-
red Continent, where that mon-
strous Bird *RUC* snatcheth up now
and then a whole *Elephant* at a
B stoop,

stoop, and swaps him up at a Bit ; Touching the Soyl, the Fertility is most worthily Admirable, and the Ayr most delicately Temperate. In *Latitude*, It lieth full sixty Degrees, and in *Longitude* seventy four from *Cabo-de-Bon-Speranza*, and is Scituate almost directly opposite to the Southern Frontiers of *Affrica*.

Such Cosmographers as Write hereof, divide it generally into two Provinces, *Eat-All-Main*, Called by the Inhabitants *Gluttonia*, and *Drink-All-Main*, By the Natives also, called *Quaffania*. The former scituate in the same Longitude and Latitude with *Old England*, and the Later, with the two *Germany's* : Both have one *Prince* and one *Law*, and a little Reformation would make them Concur also in Habits and Manners.

Of Eat-All-Main or Gluttonia.

E*At-all-main* is in Form Triangular, and resembleth the Figure of *Old-Egypt*, being full of Sky Towing-Hills, and yet so Fertile, that the very Birds that flock thither from all places to Feed, If they stay but three Months at the admirable variety and plenty this Soyl affords: They are so Loaden with the luggage of their own Fat, that they cannot possibly get wing so high as to over-top one of the meaner Mountains, but become sworn Inhabitants of this Fat Country all their Lives after.

The Shores abound with plenty of Fish of divers kinds, and they are naturally so Ravenous and Greedy, that you no sooner cast your Angling-hook among them, but like *Cole-Miners* about the Rope, when the Candles burn Blew, (which foretells the coming of the Damp) you shall have hundreds a-

about the Line, some on the Hook, and some on the String, and such as miss that Opportunity will hold fast by the Tayls, and Fins, of such as took time by the foretop. 'Twould never Tyre a mans Patience to Angle in this Country, where he is as sure of Sport, as the Beggar, when (with a Red woollen Rag put down his Back) he doth Angle for Lice.

The Land hath divers good Havens, but no Ship is suffered to Harbour There, but such as comes Fraighted with good Fare, and is Loaden with Delicates; the Soyl bears no Tree that bears no Fruit, but all the Hedges are stor'd with Apples, Pears, Plumbs, and Nuts of all sorts, and some Hops, but not such quantities of the last as in *Drink-All-Main*, where their Plenty is Incredible: I Conceit our Western English had that kind of Custome from the *Drink-All-Mains*.

This

This Territory of old, both *Eat-All-Main*, and *Drink-All-Main*, was under the Government of the *Thrivingers*, held by the Succession of divers *Thrivonian* Princes, whose principal Seat was *Eat-All-Main*. But foreign Invasions ensuing, and those Antient Worthies Chased from Sovereignty, whose Memory is almost worn out; By whose Extirpation it fell into the Hands of the *Eat-All-mains*, as it continues at this present Time.

Of Dressingburgh, the first Canton of Eat-All-main.

D*ressing-burg* is the first Canton of *Eat-All-main*, which is too hot a Climate for any true *Eat-All* to Inhabit; the South-Cape lying under the same Latitude with the most Southern part of *Castile*, and is about 42. Degrees distant from the *Equinoctial*. The Inhabitants are of a swarthy Tawny, most of them having their skins shrivled,

and withered, and their Bodies plump't up like a Glove upon a Gridiron; they affect Delicousness rather than Excess.

Upon the point of this Canton, called the *Swartby-Cape*, the Country is wondrously Overcrowded with Smoak, because of the nearness of *Terra del Fuego*, the Land of Fire.

Upon the left hand thereof lyeth the *City of Kitchen-Norton*, the Buildings of which are generally very lofty, and as generally smoaky and ill Scented.

In the midst of this City stands a goodly Temple, Dedicated to god *All-Paunch*, a vast and spacious Building, wherein are a Thousand Altars Burning with continual Incense (except from *Shrovetide* till *Easter*) unto the aforesaid Deity. In the Midst of this Temple is a Tower Erected of Incredible Altitude, called by the Inhabitants *Chimney Turret*, from the heighth where-
of

of the whole Region round about have the usual Signal of War given them; for whensoever that Eternal fume ceaseth to ascend in Caliginous Clouds, it is a certain warning that the Foe Approaches.

And this Invasion is most commonly attempted by the Inhabitants of the *Starving Isl:s*, otherwise called *Hungerlanders*, for these are the most formidable Enemies that the *Eat-All-Mains* have.

Near unto this City of *Kitchen-Norton* lyeth *Cistern-Burgh*, wherein is the famous Mountain *Cock-Alty*, Exceeding high, but directly opposite in nature to Mount *Ætna*; for whereas that Disgorgeth streams of Fire, to the Detriment of the Neighbour Cities, and Villages; so this Stupendious Mountain *Cock-Alty* sends forth continual Rivers of sweet and fresh water; to the great advantage of the Neighbour Cityes, especially the City of *Kitchen-Norton*. In *Cistern-Burgh* are only some few houses of

entertainment, where commonly do Sojourn for a small season the Journeying Citizens of *Carp-O-Pan*, *Trout-On*, and *Tench-More*; with Merchandize from those Maritime parts, to this tradeing City of *Kitchen-Norton*.

Within the liberties of *Kitchen-Norton*, are certain Villages, first *Hole-Cole*, a large Town, consisting of a strange form of Building, of Caves under ground. *Tongs-Worth*, & *Fire-Pan-Wick*, two small Villages both in one Parish; and on the left hand you have three others, *Spitsted*, *Kettle-Dorp* and *Spoons-by*, all pretty Towns, and well Peopled; *Kettle-Dorp* hath a fair River passeth through it, call'd *Ture-Mois*, which they say Boyleth every Twenty Four hours.

The Inhabitants of *Spoons-By*, as also another small Village nigh it, called *Ladle-Cup*, are instructed in no other art, but laving, and are very expert in cleansing of Ditches, Fish-ponds, Wells, or such places; and these only are employed in such Services,

Services, not only in *Kitchen-Norton*, but also in all the Rivers of the Circum-Jacent Cityes of *Eat-All-Main*; as *Gravy-Channel* in the City of *Flesh-Pasti-Nople*, and *Sauce-Bourn*, which watereth the Plains of *Pewter-Plateria*, but principally in those famous Hot-Wells, called the Baths of *Broathington* in the Vallies of *Poringerio*; for which Employments they have the great Dukes Pattent, so that no others dare intrench upon their priviledges.

Of Banquetois, the Second Canton of Eat-All-Main.

PASSING from *Dressing-Burgh*, the first Canton you enter, is the very Garden of *Eat-All-Main*; it is called *Banquetois*, and is as it were a continual Forrest of nothing but *Dates*, *Almonds*, *Figs*, *Ollives*, *Pomgranets*, *Cytrons*, and *Nutmegs*. The River *Oyl-Brook* hath its Course through the heart of this goodly Territory.

The City of *Marchpane* is the chief Town of note in this Canton, being Built after a stately manner, with Turrets, and Obelisks, all Guilt over; but indeed it is but of a slender kind of Fortification, and lyeth very open to the Enemies Cannon.

A little above this City are certain Mines called the *Sugar-Hills*, whence they dig a certain Ore, in Colour whitish, in Touch hard, and in Taste sweet.

This City hath very few Inhabitants of any years, that have any Teeth left; but all from *Eighteen* to the Grave, are the Natural Heirs of a Stinking Breath.

Next unto this, lyeth another little Corporation called *Drugs-Burgh*, and here they have a Law, that none must be made free of the City, but *Apothecaries, Grocers, and Boxmakers.*

The very Heavens seem to Conspire with the places fitness to increase their Trading; for at certain times of the year, you shall have the whole Country

try covered quite over with Aromatic *Trochices*, *Comfits*, and *Confections*, (congealed by the coolness of the Airs middle Region) that fall from the Clouds in as great Abundance, (at those times when they do fall) as ever fell showre of Hail.

Of Pewter-Plateria, the Third Canton of Eat-All-Main.

AS we passed the 55th Degree beyond the line, we entered into a spacious Plain; by the Inhabitants called *Pewter-Plateria*, which we entered in our *Map* under the name of *Platters-Plain*; it lyeth in the very heart of *Eat-All-Main*, and the first City we met with in this Tract, was *Victualla*, through the midst of which there Passeth a River called *Sauce-Bourn*, whose Water is somewhat Tart in tast. In the Market-Place of this Town I beheld a Monument, it was no rare Piece of work, but of a very Antient Model,

the

the top Stone being cut in form of a *Sea Crab*.

I shall here omit the fruitful Plains of *Goblet* the great, and *Fatland Forrest*, together with the goodly City of *Sausagenia*, a Town rarely Seated, only it stands a little too near the Salt Water. I shall also pass by *Butterkin* the Fenny, and *Cheswick*, the last Town of all *Eat-All-Main*, and Situate upon the vory Borders of *Quaffonia*. These I slightly pass, because I would fain be at the Metropolitan City of the whole Region; for that very place alone, in Structure of houses, Manners of Inhabitants, and formality of Discipline, I esteem above all the rest.

Of the Metropolitan City of Eat-All-Main, called Flesh-Pasti-Nople.

Here-about are but few Villages, The Cities having eat up most of the Burroughs; neither are their Cityes so abundant in number as they are in Riches, and populous

pulous Inhabitants; but of them all, the Prime and Mother-City is that Famous *Flesh-Pasti-nople*.

Their Old Records do report, that in former Ages, there were two Rich and Potent Cityes, *Flesh-ton* and *Py-nople*, between whom there was long and vehement Contenti-on about the Sovereignty; *Py-nople* stood much upon its Antiquity, but *Flesh-ton* Counterpoised the others Continuance with her own present Glory, pleasant Scituation and Pow-erfulness.

Well, a *Parliament* was called, and Finally, the whole House with one Consent gave the Supremacy unto *Flesh-ton*. *Py-nople* thus disgraced, decayed to nothing, so that it is at this day almost Impossible to know where it stood. Now *Flesh-ton* grew more and more in Lustre, and both to add a Magnificence to the Name, as also to paste the Foile of *Py-nople* upon the Forehead of posterity. It left the
last

last Syllable of its Old Name, and Assumed the two Last of *Py-nople*, joyning them together with the Cement whereof their Antient Walls were made, and so was thenceforth called *Flesh-Pasti-nople*.

Touching the form, it is rather vast in Compass, than comely in Building. It hath a Rivelet of Spring-Water Running almost through every Street; in which you shall see a thousand several impaled Fishponds, wherein they keep *Swans*, *Geese*, *Ducks*, *Teals*, and all kinds of Water-fowl. This Current is called *Gravie-Channel*. The City is Double-walled about with the Bones that remained of their Carnival Feastings. These Bones are Artificially and with Judgment cemented together with Morter made of the whites of Eggs. Their Houses within are neither too State-ly, nor too Lofty. They love no Assents by Staires up to their Doors, partly, because 'tis dangerous to
come

come down, when their Brains are thoroughly moistned; and partly because 'tis toilesome to climb up, when their Bellies are bumbasted. Instead of *Lead, Tyle* and *Slat*, their Houses are all Rooft with shoulder-bones of Beasts very cunningly knit together.

The City consists not of any but such as have one dependance or other upon Rack and Manger, the Husbandmen, Carpenters, Millers, and Butchers, have each their Habitations assigned in the Suburbs, who notwithstanding, if they can bring their Bellies to a certain size, are presently Summon'd to *Gurmands Hall*, and made free of the *Wide-throats*; no Stranger can have his Freedom at first, unless he be either a *Cook*, a *Baker*, or an *Inkeeper*.

The City is Govern'd by a certain number of Grave Senators, peculiarly stiled *Alder-maws*, who are not Elected for their Wisdom, their Wealth, or their Horse-Tail Beards; but

but by the circumference of their Paunches, which at a solemn set Feast once every Year, are Measured, and the more that each mans Rotundity is found to be enlarged, unto the higher place he is presently Advanced: But if either sickness, or age, do chance to make any of these *Alder-maws* cast their Collops, they are immediately put off the Bench; and as they have lost their Grease, so must they lose their Grace at a clap: Why this is hard now: but 'tis true, as hard as it is I can tell you that.

The Geometrical form of the City is Oval, and hath four Gates; at which there do daily attend course by course four *Alder-maws*, Selected to the Office of *Supervisors of the Paunchery*; and these are to examine all that come in, and go out, and to mind that none go out Fasting. If they find any Person so offending, he is condemned to eat two Suppers. They are also
to

to mind that none come in Empty-handed: for not to go out full-Bellied, and not to come in full-Handed, is an heinous contempt of the Cities Right-healthful Government.

Every Month they are bound by Law to Celebrate a solemn Feast, where every *Alder-man* of the whole Society must be present, to consult about the Publick good: Their place of meeting is *Gurmonds Hall*, where being met, and having turned their Wine into Water, and their Oysters into Shells: Every one takes his Chair, and to Dinner they go: Now, they may not in any case have their *Boars, Sheep, Goats, Lambs, &c.* serv'd up in Parcels and Joynts, but they must have all whole. You shall see the waiters come sweating with a whole *Hogg*, or a whole *Calf*, upon a great Pewter Engine; you would bless your self to behold it: and he that riseth before six hours be fully run, runs his head under a rigorous fine.

And

And for the breaking up of the Feast, thus is their Order. They have a Door in the Hall, large enough for the greatest *Gutmonger* that lives, and take him fasting. At this Door they enter when they come to the Feast, which being ended, he that cannot get his Belly through, is let forth another way; but he that passes as easily as he came in, is stay'd by an Officer appointed for that purpose, called the *Sergeant* of the *Maw*, and brought back again, where he must settle himself to a renewed Rouse, untill his Belly be able to kiss both the Cheeks of the Door at once, and then he is dismissed.

They have a common *Hospital* belonging to this City, wherein all such as have got the *Dropsie* or the *Gout*, or any such disease, by his Valour in Gurmondizing, are Maintained at the Publick charge.

But all such as have lost their Teeth by Age, or by eating their
Broath

Broath too hot, are forthwith provided for very conveniently, and sent away into the *Spoon-meat* Islands.

The Citizens are Generally of an unmeasurable Grofeness, and seemed to me, when I saw them walk, just like so many Tunns, moving each upon two pottle Pots; nor is that man worthy of the least Salutation that is not all Cheeks to the Belly, and all Belly to the Knees.

And such shapes do the Women of this City walk in also, the *German* froes do pretty well in Imitation of these Soufe-Barrels; the Young Women may not Marry, till such time as before a Bench of Matrons, They make a publick Demonstration, that their Dugs, and their Chins, can meet without forcing of either.

They go for the most part all naked, only their *Alder-Maws* may wear Gowns, which must be only the Skins of such Beasts as they are

are able to devour alone at one sitting.

Their Schools have no Lecture Read in them, but only *Apicius*. His Institutions of the Art of *Muncherie*, and there are all the young fry taught the Sciences of Carving, Chewing, and Swallowing most profoundly. The *Munchery Lecturer*, when I was there, was one Doctor *Full-Gorge*; a man most rare in his Profession, and thorowly acquainted with all the Fundamentals of the said Sciences.

Their Library is a large Room ranked full of Pots and Cans of all sorts, every sort in their several Classes; so the Schollers have also each his full Pot, and his laden Platter for his Book. The Fresh men have lesser measures; the Sophisters larger, and so up to the Graduaits. The first perhaps has his Pint, and his Pullet; the next, his Quart and his Goose; the third, his Pottle and his Lamb, and so upwards.

wards. Nor may any leave his Task, or have leave to play, till he have made an end of what was enjoyned him.

If any one stay Seven years in these Schools, and benefit nothing, he is forthwith Banished for ever into the *Starveling Isles*, or *Hungerland*, to deal upon *Spanish* dinners, furnished with half Pilchards. Thither also they thrust all Physitians, and Prescribers of diets. If any one of them be ill at ease, he presently eats a raw Radish, drinks a little hot Water, Spews a while, and within a quarter of an hour, *Viah* he lets fly upon *Ajax*, and rises from his roast as sound as a Bell.

They love venison entirely well, but cannot tell how to catch it; only such Deer as comes willingly amongst them, those they Intangle in Nets, and take them. But the noble Swine, Oh they prize that Beast above all others! whether because of their sympathy of natures,

tures, being both fatally Consecrated to the Table, or by reason that the Swine will feed on the Courtest meat, and be soonest fed, I am incapable to determine.

If any one keep his provant while it stinks, he is forthwith condemn'd of High Treason, and spitted upon a Stake. Only two Reservations their Law agreeth unto ; The first is, they may keep Venison till it be all Hoary, and Mouldy ; And the second is, they may lay their Cheese where they think good, till it be ready to creep away with Maggots : To these Worms they usually scrape a little fine Sugar, and with the point of a Knife, or a Spoon, crash them up as if they were so many Almond Comfits. I wonder our *Low-Dutch* should be such Loggerheads to follow them in this filthy fashion.

The Wars of the Eat-All-Mains.

THE *Eat-All-Mains* have unconcilable Wars with two other Nations, the *Hungerlanders* of the *Starveling Islands*, and the *Thrivengers* of *Thriveingois*.

The first Inhabit certain Western Isles in the Atlantick Sea, not far Distant from *Eat-All-Main*; but the Latter lye Somewhat farther off it, by reason of a great part of the *Territorie* of *Fool-I-Ana*, and some parcel also of *Shee-Land*, that puts in between them.

Their Historical Monuments relate, that the *Hungerlanders*, being confederate with the *Thevingenians*, have made many Terrible Invasions upon the *Eat-All-Mains* Borders, and one time gave them a sore Foyl, the Inhabitants being forced to hide themselves in Caves under ground, untill their gods pitying them, made their foes own Chops their fatal destruction; for they

they did so Engorge themselves after this sudden change, that growing hereby all diseased, there was not a man of them left in three years. If you would have given a Spanish Royal for a man, no not a man to Cast at a Dog.

The *Thriveingers* also, the Antient Inhabitants of this Land, have made many attempts to Regain their lost Possessions, but have been continually beaten back by the *Eat-All-Mains* good success.

They march unto Battle Armed only before, (needing no defence behind, because they cannot Run away) in Ox Hides, Sheep-Skins, and Swines Pelts, that you would imagine them to be a herd of Cattel that were driving to the watering place.

Their weapons commonly are Spits, and Fire Forks, and some of them have Cross-bows made of the bones of large Oxen. But the very truth is, the *Drink-All-Mains* give them

them their best Assistance, for had it not been for them, the *Eat-All-Mains* had been down the wind long ere this ; and there's the main of the whole matter.

Of Idle-Burgh, an Imperial free Town.

I*dle-Burgh* is a famous and free State, and hath a large Territory under command ; it is Scituate in the farthest confines of *Platters-Plain* towards *Fooliana*. The Citizens live in far more happy Estate than ever *Monk* did, having all things they can desire in Abundance.

The Town is so strongly scituated, that it is Impregnable, being Built upon a Rock ten *German Miles* in height, and withall, so steep, that it is utterly Inaccessible ; at the foot of this Cliff Runs the River *Idle*, whereof the City taketh her name. Runs did I say, hold, it seems rather to Creep, being more like a Lake than a River.

There is but one way up to the Town, that is, the Townsmen letting down a Basket fastned to the end of a Rope, do hale up the Passengers.

They live all upon certain Birds Naturally bred amongst them, the Inhabitants call them *Gulls*, which serve the Cities use with three sorts of Meats, Flesh, Eggs, and Fish: Flesh from their own Carkasses, Eggs from their Nests, and Fish which they bring for the feeding their young ones in huge excess: And besides, the Sticks of their Nests finds the Citizens with perpetual firing; What would you have more, and more you shall have? Their Feathers serve the Citizens for stuffing their Beds; yes marry do they, and some to spare also for Transportation.

The Ground within the Walls brings forth whole Vintages of delicate Grapes, and whole Harvests of the purest Wheat.

The

The People do live an uncurious Life, they Sup, they Sleep, they Rise, they Breakfast, they Dine, they Sup, and so round in a Ring. Unless a little whoreing now and then chance to add one dance more to the Round.

The *Richer* sort have many Servants to attend on them; one to open the Masters eyes gently when he awaketh, Another to fan a cool Aire whilst he eateth, A third to pop in his victuals when he gapeth, A fourth to fit his Girdle to his paunch as it riseth, and falleth: The Master only Exerciseth Eating, Digesting, and Laying out.

There are Divers other Cityes that hold of this *Idleburgh* in *Capite*, and under protection of her, enjoy the same priviledges with her, as *Sleep-on*, and *Snort-apace*, where the Inhabitants are seldom or never awake; and it is strange to see how fat they grow with this Drouisie Lethergy.

The Religion of the Eat-All-Mains.

They cannot endure *Jupiter*, for he, when he Thunders, Sowers all their Wines; but they have a good Devotion to god *Trine*, because he eateth up all things before him, and shews himself therein a true *Eat-All-Main*. They have built a goodly Temple unto him, in which I saw the Picture of *Saturn* eating up his Children very Artificially pourtraid.

On *Shrove-tuesday*, They Offer Sacrifice to this Deity, whose power appears to them once every year in form of a huge Monstrous, Ravenous Fowl: The Inhabitants call him *RVC*, to whom they present whole Hecatombs of Raw Flesh thus Ordered.

Shrove-tuesday, As I said before, is the day of Sacrifice. The place in *Pewter-Plateria*, where is a large Plain, lying towards the South, incircled

circuled with Mountains; unto this Plain do all the Inhabitants flock, bringing with them an Ocean of Victuals, as *Elephants, Camels, Oxen* of the largest size, *Boars, Sheep, Goats*, with a whole Army of *Fowl*, all with their Feathers pluckt off: All these are put as it were into this large Cage; which done, they get them up on the top of the Mountains sides, as if they took their Seats in a *Playhouse*, and with bended knees do there expect the coming of this Deity, *Old RVC* of *Rucks-Hall*. At length Sir, you shall see him come afar off, with a noise Able to Deaf the whole Nation three hundred miles about, with a great crooked Bill, as bigg almost as half the *Equinoctial Circle*, with a pair of Tallons like two broad spread Oakes, with two Eyes in his head like two Towns that were on fire, and such an Inundation of *Harpies, Ravens, Vultures* and *Hawks*, about him. O! *strange stupendious fight for*

Men to behold! and with a Cry able to procure an Earthquake, they Approach the Plain, and by and by their Wings Eclips the Sun, and bring a Midnight over the whole Valley.

Three times they flag about the Plain, while the People pour out their very Bladders in Tears, and all that is in their Bellies in hearty prayers to this Rout of Religious Birds.

By this time General *R V C*, the Leader of this Starved Regiment, hath spied his Prey: For you must Note, he out of all this *Folio Catalogue* of Carcasses, must chuse what pleaseth his Tooth first.

Well, suppose he take some five *Elephants*, or half a score of *Oxen*, he is to be first served, and then every one to his shark, *Tag*, *Rag*, and *Longtail*. Here you shall see one fly away with a *Calf*, there another with a *Lamb*; here one with a *Boar*, and there another with a
Swan;

Swan ; every one fitting his Luggage to his strength: And thus with a Reverend applause of all the spectators, they depart every one with his carriage, and leaves the rest behind them.

All which the people are bound in Conscience to make ready, and eat up ere they depart, whereby their Bellies are so overcram'd, that they loath flesh forty dayes after; During which space they live all upon Fish: This vacancy sharpens their Appetites, to fall greedily to Flesh again at the time expired. As sure as Death, the *Pope* had his *Lent* sent him out of this Country, upon granting the *Eat-All-Mains* some odd *Indulgences*, or upon dispensing with them for *Ember-Weeks*.

Of the
Laws of the Eat-All-Mains.

G*Urmonds - Hall* is a stately Structure Built in Orbicular
C 4 form

form like a Theatre, as well large and high as Beautiful, set forth with fair Arched Windows, whose Lights are of transparent Horn Curiously pannelled; the Roof supported by Pillars, which are of the Thigh Bones of *Elephants*, very artificially cemented together; and over the front of the Entrance, are these Verses fairly Engraven in Letters of Gold.

*Let no Thin Jaws presume to pass this Stone,
The place is Sacred to the Plump alone.*

And within the Hall hangs a Table chained to a Pillar, containing these Inviolable Laws.

I. *That Eating but one Meal a day be henceforth held for A Capital Transgression.*

II. *He that overthrows a full Dish, or Cup Rashly, shall be forthwith by This Statute, enjoined Standing upright on his Feet, to have a dish of Broth set between his heels, which he must eat all up with a Thimble.*

III. *That*

III. That none Eat alone, nor violate the Laws of the Table by any private Suppers, upon pain of Eating his next Meal with his heels upwards.

IV. That if the Mouth be full, it shall be sufficient to answer by holding up the finger.

V. That breaking Wind, either by belching or otherwise, be held not only Lawful, but Honourable.

VI. That if any one hold his breath while his Belly is Measuring, he shall be forthwith made incapable of Advancement.

VII. That no Person shall leave on his Trencher or Plate, any piece of meat, under pretence it is too fat, or will overlay his Stomak, under the penalty of being punished for a puny; which is, that he make his next Meal at a Side Board, out of picking the Bones that remained of the last, and this in the sight of all the rest, as well for their Sport, as that it may be a warning to them: for this is held of great Disrepute.

VIII. *That a Register be kept of all Transgressors from time to time; and that both Guilt and Punishment be Recorded; as to place where, and time when; whose Offences may remain as Badges of Disgrace to posterity, and of Fame, Credit, and Worthy Commendations, to such as are Loyal and obedient Observers of the Law.*

Signed All-Paunch.

Of the Election of the Great DUKE.

THere is a stately Palace built upon a narrow ledg of Land lying just between *Eat-All-Main*, and *Drink-All-Main*: It was built as their Antient Chronicles Report by a Gyant called *All-Paunch*, who was of an incredible height of Body, *Pliny's Orestes*: Or, *Plutarches Orian*, were but Dwarfs in comparison of this almighty *All-Paunch*;

Sup-

suppose rather that you saw *Antæus*, that was Sixty Cubits high, or him whose Carcass was digged up at *Drepano*, whom the *Symetrios* judged by his Thigh-bone, could be no less then two hundred Cubits high. This latter, I suppose, might be the Brother of *All-Paunch*.

This *All-Paunch* was the first that by Conquest drave the *Thrivonians* out of this Land, brought in a New People, and gave them new Laws, and his Soul they Imagine to be entred into that huge Bird *RUC*, in which shape they do yearly adore him, and have him in as great reverence as the *Turks* their *Mahomet*.

He Lyeth Buried in the midst of the Pallace Court, where for a sacred Memorial of him, is a Statue Erected, far higher than *Lyfippus* his Brazen *Colossus*, and upon the Bases thereof, *Like the English Inscription on the London Monument*, was this *Epigraph* fairly ingraven in Capital Char-

Characters, in the *Belly-All-Mic*
Tongue.

I All-Paunch, Duke of
Belly-All-Main, Lye here
Entombed, Dying a Lord,
a Victor, a Prince, a De-
ity. Let none pass by me
Fasting, nor name me Hun-
gry, nor salute me Sober :
Be mine Heir he that can,
my Subject he that will,
Mine Enemy he that dare.

This Dukedom is Elective, their
being four chief Linnages or Fam-
ilies that may stand for the Electi-
on, which are the *Treble-chins*, the
Bacon-chops, the *Wool-sacks*, and the
Tun-Bellies. The *Nimble-chops* have
pretended a Tytle to their Right
in the Election, who after some
Debates were cast, so that they
may

may not attain to it, unless first by Adoption into one of those four Royal Families.

Now this is the Order of the Election, There is Yearly a Tilting ordained, not with Spears, but of Barrels. Whereunto every one comes Armed with his Teeth all new sharpned, and too't they go; where he that unhorses most meat, and listeth most measures of Wire out of their Pewter Saddles, is Honoured with a Crown of clustred Vines, and Saluted by the Title of Lord *High-Steward* of *Belly-All-Main*, the Dukes next Inferiour.

The Tournament ended, each one ariseth if he can, and laying his hand on the sacred Tomb of dead-Duke *All-Paunch*, taketh an Oath by the Deities of *Bacchus*, and the Reverend *All-Paunch*, to perform his Duty in the Election without partiallity.

Then

Then they depart to the Theatre, and take their places to Behold the Ceremonies of the Election.

And first cometh forth the new chosen Lord *High-Steward*, bringing in his hand a Golden Girdle, enchaced with Pearls, Diamonds and Rubies: This they call the Sacred Belt of State; then the last years Duke puts it on, and taketh an exact Measure of his own Sowse-tub; so do all the rest of the Nobility after him, one after another; and he that can set it on the Tenters without stretching of his belly, or holding his breath (if it sit so stiff that it must needs be let out one hole more) he is the man that with loud Acclamations both of the Nobility, and Moblie, is proclaimed high Duke of *Belly-All-Main*. But if none exceed the Magnitude of the former Duke, he holds his Monarchy till the next year, or till anothers guts over-vote him by Pole.

Then

Then cometh his Cup-bearer, and upon his knees presents him with a Silver Tankard of some dozen quarts, and intreats his Grace to Drink a health to the People.

Who taking it, and lifting up the lid, begins an Oration, and taking a fresh Oath by St. *All-Paunch*, declares that he will be a Bulwark to their Liberties, a Drudg to their Business; a Terror to their Enemies; a Father to their desires; and an Increaser and Inlarger of their Measures; Denounceing himself a professed Enemy to Hunger, and Thirst, to sower Ale, to Meagerness of Wine, Beer, and Bodies, so long as he shall wear that Royal Belt; protesting that none should Fast unpunished, or be Drunk unrewarded.

Then setting the Tankard to his mouth, stole off the Liquor every drop, save a little remainder which he was by custom to set upon his Thumbs Nail, and lick it off, and so he did; then continuing his Oration

tion, said, *From the bottom of my Heart I do wish you continually drunken Heads, full Bellies, and fat Fortunes.* Which ended, the Audience bellow out their Aplause, with long live *Bowfing-gut-Wool-Sack, Cæsar Emperor of Belly-All-Main.* At least a dozen times, every time interco'd with a Volley of Acclamations.

Then the Lord *High-Steward* presents him with the Sword and Mace of the Government, which are a great long Knife, and a pretty Golden Tunn, pronouncing according to custom, these words, *Use and Enjoy.*

But then for the Coronation Dinner and Supper, O! Monstrous what piramids of Platters and Chargers! What Mountains of Flesh and Pastery! What Castles of Banquetry! And what Deluges of Wine, Beer, Ale, and Brandy did I behold there! It is impossible to particularise; only this I declare, the Streets that Night were strewed so thick
with

with Drunken Carkasses, that 'tis my opinion there were never more Memories left in the Field, of the greatest Massacre that ever this Modern Age was witness of.

Of Starvling Island: Or, Hungerland

WE have almost lost the Remembrance of *Starvling* Island; take it therefore now as a penance for your tedious abode in *Eat-All-Main*. It lyeth under three and thirty Degrees of Longitude; and four and fifty of Latitude, being on the *North* directly opposite to *Cabo Bianco*; and on the *South* unto *Filching-Fens*. It is a Stony Barren, Grassless, Sandy Soyl.

There are some Trees in it, but they have no Bark left; no Blossom nor Bud; nay the Weed cannot find in its heart to make the smallest Residence in these quarters.

The Lands Natural Barrenness affords no distinction either of Summer

Summer or Winter; because the Inhabitants snap up their herbs as soon as ever they peep out of the ground.

All that dwell in these parts are Exiles, and their hew is naturally between a Pale and a Swarthy, their Skins are crumpled like half burnt Parchment, and puckerd like the hide of an Elephant. The al-viewing Sun in all his Race never beheld such gastly Animals; you would swear they were Anatomies cover'd over with fresh Skins.

Here you shall have one laying a Plot how to intrap the Flies, there another contriving a conspiracy against the Worms; yonder another fit shaving the Earths new shorn Beard, to discover the Roots of the ungrown Grass.

They have a strange and fierce wild Beast Rangeth continually in the Nights all about the desarts of this Island, which they call *Empty-Maw*; it will keep such a terrible barking,

barking, that it makes the hollow Ayr Eccho again; and whosoever in this Island heareth it not bark once in twelve hours, grows immediately Deaf; but he that heareth it thrice in thirty six hours, and giveth it nothing to devour, ere twelve hours more be run, dyeth immediately, provided alwayes he can live no longer.

Other Beasts I saw none in all this Island, except a sort of Wolves, and some Monkyes that had eaten off great part of their Tails.

Indeed I durst not make any long abode in so lean a Land, I think it was no great Wisdom: What think you?

Thus far of *Eat-All-Main*, and the adjacent Isles; now proceed we to *Drink-All-Main*, and so good night.

*Of Drink-All-Main, the Second
Province of Belly-All-Main.*

YOU cannot expect an exact Description of *Drink-All-Main*, for I durst not for my Ears enter into any City of the whole Province, untill it was dark night, that all the Citizens were wrap'd in Wine and warm Clouts; And then how was't possible to discover any thing to purpose? For to tell you the truth, I feared the Burgomasters bounty; it being their fashion, as soon as any one sets a foot within the City-gate, to give him I know not how many Lifts of Wine for his welcome, receiving him in such Pomp, and State; and all out of the common Purse of the City: All which Folio Cups he must take off, or else he is held an ungrateful, unmannerly fellow. Nay, which is worse, a direct Foe to the common good of the City. Now I feared both this Honour, and this Danger.

This

This Province is somewhat larger than *Eat-All-Main*, being as broad, or rather broader than both the *Germanies*.

No Nation under the Cope of Heaven, so fortunate, nor so abounding in the delicate Juice of the Grape as this: The peculiar Wines of all our European Kingdoms are here; the *Germans Rhenish*, the *Frenchmans White and Red*, the *Spaniards Maligo*, and the *Canaries purest Sack*; plhaw, they have all, all to Excess.

The Temperature of their bodies are different from the *Eat-All-Mains*, who delight in the qualities of heat and drought; whereas the *Drink-All-Mains* affect heat and moysture; so that the bordering neighbours do jeeringly call the *Eat-All-Mains* Kitchen-Bellies, and the *Drink-All-Mains* Celerian-Bellies.

As they are more ingenious than the *Eat-All-Mains*, so are they more Lascivious. In their youths they are generally quick-witted; but being

ing grown to a Graver Age, especially Old Age, they grow so forgetful, that you shall not have one amongst Twenty that can remember his own name.

*Of the Shires of the Province of
Drink-All-Main.*

THE whole Province is Divided into three Counties, the County of *Wine-cester*, the County of *Uf-quebah*, or *Brandy-Bridg*, and the County of *Hopsack-octun*, or *Bru-Malta*, called by some *Strong-Biera*.

Wine-cester is parted from *Eat-All-Main*, on the West by the River *Piss-On*, a salt Current that Ebbs and Flows; which River runs round about the Dukes Pallace. The Philosophers of this Country affirm, that it hath not its Saltness from the Sea, but from an airy humor that often falls upon it.

The first Town I came unto in this Region, was called *Vine-Spring*. It is in form of a five angled Trencher, whose

whose Borders extend as far as *Vine-Prop* hills; so that some of it became part of the Suburbs of *Cluster-Beg*, a pretty fine City wall'd about with Stones of the Colour of Brick, but somewhat deeper of Dye. This City stands in the bottom of *Pressing-Dale*, a Valley so called; through which runs a delicate River called *Juce*, which passeth along by three or four pretty Cities, seated upon the the Banks thereof, to the founders eternal commendations.

Their names are, first *Tankards-Bridg*, next *Tunning-Tree*, then *Broaching-Ford*, and lastly *Caroufi-Kanikin*.

Tunning-Tree is fortified with a wall of wood, and *Broaching Ford* hath never but one gate open at once; and that when it is shut, is made fast with nothing but the end of a Faggot stick. There is not in all the World any one River comparable to this, which runs through these Cities; for besides the pleasing meanders

meanders that it makes in its wanton course; the water is so sweet and delicate, that neither the best of *Europes* Wines, nor the *Turks* delicious *Zerbeth* can possibly excell it.

It hath but one peculiar Fish belonging to it called a *Tap*, and this Fish will sometimes lye by the Shore, and spout a huge deal of the water aloft; and it is somewhat more pleasing in taste than before, and this the Inhabitants watch for in Boats; and when they get it, make great store of it.

This River, as I told you, passeth through *Tunning-Tree*: but hold, I had forgotten one Town, it goeth from thence to *Celleridg*, ere it come to *Broaching-Ford*, and so by *Broaching-Ford* passeth directly unto *Carousi-Kanikin*, the prime City of the whole Province.

The Description of Caroufi-Kanikin the chief City of Drink-All-Main, as also the Fashions, and Manners of the Drink-All-Mains.

C*Arroufi-Kanikin* is a name, I understand not farther then what light I have of it from the *German* tongue.

The City is built upon a Hill, and carrieth the form of a Tankard from what Quarter so ever you behold it.

It is of Antient Renown, and one of the best seated Ports for Traffique in all the whole Land.

It is strongly fortified with Baricado's, and Bulwarks built all of Barrels, the Roofs also of the houses are tiled with the Boards of broken Casks.

In the entrance of the gate is placed a double Cannon of Pewter, charged to the Muzzel. This their

Law Commands to be duly observed; the Citizens call it the Flaggon of Hospitality, and round about it are these words Engraven'd, *Aut Bibe Aut Abi*, drink or be packing; and whosoever ariveth, must either drink it all off, or be carried before the Magistrate to Render an account of his Contumacy.

But by chance, I met with a Traveller who was bound to the City as will a I; who being acquainted with their fashions, brought me secretly by night into the Town, and shew'd me such things as I should never have discovered of my self.

The Fronts of their Buildings are so wholly hid with spreading Vines, that had I not seen the Signs hang out on every side, I should have sworn I had been in a Vineyard, and not in a City: it is indeed a very pleasant Prospect.

In the Market-place are all the Measures hung up in chains, Sealed with the Dukes Stamp.

The Inhabitants go all naked, but for a Wreath of Vines about their Fore-heads; but their skins are all painted after the manner of the Ancient *Picts*, every one after what form he pleases: you shall see some so perfectly painted like Flaggons, that if one of them set but his Armes a Kimbo, you wou'd swear it was a living *Flaggon* with two Handles: I saw one painted so directly in the shape of a *Whale*, that when he Vomited, no Man in the World, but would have taken him for a live *Whale* Spewing up the Ocean.

I had a great desire to see the manner of their Publick Feasts, and not be seen by the Citizens; and mine Host with much intreaty agreed to perform my Requests, giving me withal certain Cautions of Danger; and likewise informed

me in some necessary Points of-Behaviour; So mine Host and I got us into the Town-Hall in the Evening un-espied, by and by came the Feasters, and taking their places just as the *Eat-All-Mains* did, only these had less Meat, and more Drink.

At first they began a Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, their general god, whose Statue standeth at the upper end of the Table, holding in his right Hand supported by his left, a mighty *Goblet*: into this standing Cup, the Master of the Ceremonies, in the Name of the whole Company, pours a Hogs-head of Wine (for it holds no less) which passeth in Pipes, as through Veins into his Body, and from thence he pisseth it, till it be all out; and this is the Hour-glass, proportioning the continuance of the Feast; for when he leaves pouring out, they must all leave pouring in, and that upon pain of Sacriledge.

Then

Then comes up a Service; I protest at first sight, I took it for a Dish of *Shooing-Hornes*, but upon stricter Observation, found they were *Red-Herrings*: There was also a Dish of *Anchovis*, with *Capers*, and *Pickled-Cowcumbers*; and lastly, a *Westphalia-Gamon*.

Then begins the Full-pots to move about the Table, and the empty ones against the Wall; so that one could not possibly tell, whether they were sooner fill'd to be emptied, or emptied to be fill'd.

Now, when one of them will Drink to another, he first Challengeth him with a Solemn Ceremonious Song: Then they joyn hands fast together, and giving a sound shake, the Challenger Advanceth his moistned Weapon, and blowes it dry: he may puff a little, but the Pot must be sure to be Discharged of its Liquor, ere it be severed from his Gripe; and then the other answers him at his own Weapon.

Well, the Seasoning Banquet being Devoured, and the Cloath thrust up on a heap : The Master of the Ceremonys Cryeth, *Healts*, Three times, with an Audable Voyce: And I supposing this had been a Summons to the breaking up of the Company, began to be jogging, till my Host pulling me by the Sleeve, told me, the Feast was hardly begun : Pray stay (quoth he) and see the Conclusion ; don't you see how fast god *Bacchus's* Hour-glass Runs ? So I fate down again.

Then steps me out one of the Company, and taking off his Wreath, down upon his Knees he falls, (I thought he had been going to Prayers) and presently calls for a Quart. A Health quoth he to Great *Bowfing-gut Wool-sack Duke of Belly-All-Main*, and presently the Pot stops his Breath, he Drinks, he Puffs, he Belches, he Talks, untill within a while he had Gulp'd down as many

many Quarts as his Name had Letters in it: and when he had done, falls a Spewing, till all cry'd Twang again.

Well, they all follow in Order, from the Highest to the Lowest, each one with the same Pot, Execution, and Ejection, proving himself thereby a Faithful Citizen; this past, up starts another with this Catch.

*A Health to thee, and ev'ry Swain,
That Wisbeth well to Drink-All-Main.*

Seasoning his Song with many a Goodly Belch, and so down upon his Marrow-bones, and up with the Pot hand smooth, the Devil a Bone finds he in the Drink; and after him they must all Follow; wo be to him that Hangs an Ars.

This Showre over-blown, out steps a Third, Advancing a quart of Plump Claret to the Health of all

the *Quagmirists*, which is the General Name of the Nobility of this Famous City of *Caroufi - Kanikin*; briefly after him they go, and thus every man in Order brings in his Foundation of a new Round.

Now every man having his Share, they must each one in Order (Pox on't that Madded me) go play the Poet, out of the Inspiration of *Bacchus* only, every one Sings his own Song; and instead of Harps, they have their Knives and the quart Pots, and truly they made fine Musick on't. One in his Song commends his Mistriss, another the Goodness of the Wine, a Third Relates all the Passages between him and his Wife at home, another Rhimes all in Satyr against one that was not at this Drinking, every one keeping Tyme with the Musick.

While these Songs were Singing, it was strange to see their several Postures, and Behaviours; you shall see

see one for pure Love weeping in his Fellows Bosom, another sit kissing his Companion, one in an Extasie of Laughter, though himself knows not at what, another down upon all four in Devotion to *Bacchus*, another Arguing of Religion, and matters of State; and here in a Corner, you shall have another sit Nodding, and Slaving: 'Twould do a Blind mans heart good to see it. But all this while the Cup is not forgotten.

Well, the Hour-glass being run all out, they Rise (if they can) and with wheeling Complements are taking Leave of each other.

One thing my thought was very Observable; they have certain *Flamins*, who are Priests to *Bacchus*, who frequent these Revelling Feasts, they go Cloathed only in a Gown of Black, girt about their Waists, with a Silken Cord; and seeing these amongst the rest in motion, I could not chuse but smile; for their all

black Bodies, and shining *Rubrick Faces*, seemed just like so many *Charcoles* lighted at one end, dancing the Hay amongst the Reeling Multitude.

Well, but quoth I to mine Host, how the Devil will they get all home now? Fear nothing quoth he, don't you see those Ropes there in the Court, that are fastned to them Iron Rings, Sir they have an Officer who is always kept Sober for the purpose, he guid's each person to his Ropes end, the other end being fastned to the Door of each mans House, these Ropes are as good to them, as the Clue of Thread in *Rosamonds Bower*, or *Ariadnes* that guided *Theseus* from the Labyrinth of *Minotaur*: very likely quoth I, But what if an unhappy Wag should come in the mean time, and tye the Ropes farther end to the wrong door? Why, do you think, quoth he smiling, that any are awake in this City in
the

the Night? Yet I have known it done, and the men have gone to bed to other mens Wives, who perhaps being as Drunk as they, never discovers the matter till next day at noon, and then, that which they ignorantly committed, they make a double sport of, and is but the Preface to repeated Impressions. For it is a Principle here, that a Drunken man can never Offend, it being the Effects of *Bacchus*.

Well, They being gone, mine Host and I broke off discourse, and very privately sneak'd home to our Quarters.

Of the Knights of the Golden-Tun, and the Laws of the Drink-All-Mains.

IN the Town-Hall, properly called *Galpers-Court*, hangeth the *Golden-Tun*, which is the Antient Emblem of the Knights of that Order.

He that can drink this Vessel
Thrice

Thrice off, and go his way without Indenting, for his Good Service is presently Knighted by the Great *Duke*, and hath a Chain of Extraordinary Value bestowed upon him.

These Knights have a large Charter, and are allowed many goodly Priviledges; they bear absolute Command in all Taverns and Ale-Houses, as also at all publique Revels, and are allow'd to Furnish so many Souldiers in *Pewter Jackets*, out of any mans Celler in the Town.

These hardy men have great Conflicts at every publick Meeting, their Weapons are full charg'd Cups, and he that carrieth most of them away clear, is Conqueror, and leads the rest about the Town (if they can go) in Triumph; and by this Tryal, they prove who is the Victor, if he can put his Finger into the Flame of the Candle, without playing hit I, miss I, let him Spew whole Fish-ponds is held a Sober man,

man, and wears the Wreath of Conquest for that day.

Over the enterance of *Gulper-Court* is Engraved this Couplet in the *Belly-All-mic* Tongue.

*The House of youthful Mirth, and Lusty Cheer,
Peace, Wine, Sport, Rest, have all their Mansions here.*

Upon the two heads of the *Golden Tun*, in a fair Character is written some of the Principal Laws of the *Drink-All-Mains*, which I carefully Coppied.

I. *That all Promises, Bills, Bonds, Indentures, Bargains, or any other Conveyances whatsoever, made, or caused to be made in the Afternoon, shall be utterly void and of no Effect.*

II. *That if any one cast away any Liquor, or Bottom, which is called a Snuff, he shall be forthwith enjoyned to lye flat upon the ground, and snuff up the same into his Nostrils.*

III. *That every one pledg his Challenger in the same Cup, and after the same fashion, upon pain of drinking the*

the quantity double out of a pisspot.

IV. That the pots be either always full or empty, for the Waiter that presents a pot half filled, and the Person that takes it, shall be both guilty of the breach of good fellowship.

V. That he that being sober shall strike him that is drunk; shall be thenceforth disabled for giving Testimony in any cause whatsoever, but the drunken man striking the sober shall be acquitted.

VI. That he that goeth from any publick Meeting without staggering, shall be accounted a Malefactor, in a high degree; and if it be made appear that he counterfeiteth Reeling, thereby to avoid the disgrace, he shall be proceeded against as a Traytor to the Laws of All-Paunch.

VII. That all that stay three daies in this City of Carousi-kanikin, do offer Sacrifice to Bacchus.

VIII. That he that mixeth Water with his Wine, shall be forthwith obliged to Drink a brimmer of Hogg-walh.

IX. That

IX. That he that striketh with a Pot, be injoyned to have his hands Tyed behind him, and take up every Cup that comes to his turn in his Teeth, during the continuance of the Banquet.

Subscribed Still-Pard.

Of the
Arts, and Military Disciplines of
the Drink-All-Mains.

THE People of this Province are almost all blear-ey'd, and troubled with the Palsie.

They have some Poets among them whom they never Crown with *Lawrel* (because that Tree is a foe to the *Vine*) but with *Ivie* : these are the very Offscum of the Rascally Rabble, the veryest Lack-Latins, and most Unalphabetical Raggabashes, that ever bred Louse, living only by other mens Trenchers.

These fill all the Taverns in Town with *Epigrams*, *Elegies*, and
Epi-

Epitaphs, which would make ones Ears Blister to hear them: They have had but one good Poet this Twenty Years, and his Tallent lyes in Drollery; but for the most part Prose, who is an excellent Observer of the Times, and Seasons, and can with much Facility Convert all Occurrences to *Comedy*, and represent all *Comedy* in the morose habit of *Tragedy*. These Poets have the same sway over the Ballad Makers, as the Knights of the Tunn have over the barrells.

The *Drink-All-Mains* go often to War in Assistance of the *Eat-All-Mains*; but they never go armed, no not so much as with a Shirt on their backs, their Lances are saplings of Elmes, sharpned and hardned at the Spires in the Fire; one would swear in beholding them at a distance, they were a moving *Hop-garden*; but notwithstanding (for stand well they cannot) 'tis admirable to see both their Valour in Fight, and Fortune in Conquest.

They

They have a Law that none must go sober to the Field; so that Wine maketh them as Bold as Lyons, *Audaces fortuna Juvat*, fortune helps the forward.

Of the Funerals of one the Chief Quagmirist's.

ONE of the *Quagmirist's* whose House was of some height, being loose in the hilt, and intending to go where neither Pope nor Emperour can send an Embassador, being thoroughly tap-shackled, mistook the Window for the door, and steping rashly on, down he came with the wrong end forward, and in plain English broke his Neck.

His Funerals was very richly set forth; I can tell, for I was there; every man was painted over with black for that day, and wore a Cypress wreath instead of his Vines. The Body was not laid in a Coffin, but put into a Cask half full of Wine, and so Boarn to the Grave,
and

and roused in rather to a Cistern
 of Sack, than a Grave of Earth;
 and was rather drown'd, than bu-
 ried; each one having instead of
 Rosemary, a Kan of Wine his hand,
 which they threw into the Grave,
 Kan an all; and taking their leaves
 in these Words, thrice repeated,
Adieu sweet Corpulent Country-man:
 and instead of putting finger in Eye,
 each thrusts his finger into his
 Mouth, and disgorges, instead of
 tears some Quarts: Then hand in
 hand to the Tavern they go to drink
 his Remembrance.

This *Quagmirist* it seems was well
 esteemed amongst them, for he had
 a Statue erected in *Bacchus Court*,
 and under it these two Verses in the
Belly-All-Mic Tongue.

*Though he mistook his Window for his Door,
 His Valiant Death shall make his Honour more.*

Now I had staid two dayes in
 this City, without being demanded
 what I was; but then mine Host
 came and told me, if I staid one
 day

day longer, I must prepare my self
to Sacrifice to *Bacchus* : For quoth
he, 'I must not conceal you any
'longer, unless you would have me
'forsworn. *No quoth I*, pray tell
'me then the Custom, and Ile
either perform it, and stay longer,
or get me gon presently, and rid
us both from danger.

'Well Sir, quoth he, saw you not
'the Statue of *Bacchus* yesterday in
'*Gulpers-Court* ? And the great Gob-
'let he holdeth, wherein they pou-
'red the Wine that issued from his
'Yard? Yes that I did, said I. Well
'then, quoth he, you must set your
'Mouth to this Tap, and suck till
'you be able to stand no longer,
'but fall flat to the ground, and
'so must you lie under the Spout
'till all be run out upon you : How
'like you this? Faith not altogether
'so delightful quoth I ; But pray tell
'me, was there ever any Strangers
'that offered this Sacrifice? All, All,
'quoth he, not a man escapes it:
'Toot

'Too't he must in spite of his nose:
 'some will come willingly, but o-
 'thers are fain to be hailed to their
 'Teat, like a Bear to the Stake.
 'Well Sir quoth I, but Ile be jog-
 'ging, only I intreat you to inform
 'me what Country in this Tract
 'is next in Dignity to this of yours,
 'and worthiest of a Travellers ob-
 'servation; and he told me *Brandy-*
 '*Burgh*, by some called, *Liquor-Ar-*
 '*dence*, it is under the Government
 'of Sir *Limbeck-Stilletory*, a Knight
 'of the Noble Family of *King Cups*;
 'so leading me forth, shewed me
 the way as plain as *Dunstable-Road*;
 and then courteously gave me the
Basio Les Manos; and I thanked him
 heartily for his *Valiendo*, and par-
 ted.

Of Brandy-burgh, or Liqueur-
Ardens, and of the Pilgrimage
of St. Brochio.

ALL alone I took my way to-
ward the North, leaving the
River *Froth* behind me, untill I
came to *Spews-bury*, the filthiest
Town that ever I saw since my
Mother bound my head; I staid not
long there (I had not need) but
passed on, till I came to *Coopers-
Norton*, a pretty well seated Village,
but not a drop of Water was to
be got in it, for Love nor Mony.
The Reason is (as I heard after-
wards) lest they should mix it with
the Wine, and so prove bad Com-
mon-VVealths men.

I was as much troubled with
Pots and *Flaggons* in my Journey,
as a Traveller in *Spain* or *Italy* is
with *Crosses*; I could not go two
Miles to an end, but I should
find a louncing Tankard kennell'd
under

under an Arch; and Drink I must,
no gain-saying the Laws.

At last I overtook a Traveller
in a Tatter'd *Cassock* of *Haircloth*,
Bare-Foot and bare-Headed, and
demanding whither he Travell'd;
Sir quoth he, on Pilgrimage to St.
Brochio of *Bottles-brook*: I question-
ed him at large of the Towns
Scituation and Discipline, and also
of the Virtues of this St. *Brochio*.
(Quoth he) *Bottles-brook* is seated
in the Confines of *Brandy-burgh*, in
the Town is a Temple of *Bacchus-
Fiery-Face*. They call it *Chappel Ar-
dent*. The top of this *Temple* is
all set with *Carbuncles* and spark-
ling *Diamonds*, and *Rubies* very
Rich to behold: And from the
Embowed Arch there drops (they
say) a kind of hot Fuming Liquor,
which is received into a Vessel
placed for that purpose, whose
Virtue is such, that if one drink
a large Draught of it with good
Devotion, he shall never after ei-
ther

ther be Drunk before Noon, or Thirst before Midnight; both which helps may do me much good, for I am a man so imployed in my Country, that I can never lye in my Bed till Midnight for Thirst, nor never Rise in the Morning; but before Noon, I am Drunk and fast asleep again: therefore have I gone these three days without Drinking, because I would merit the more of this Holy Saint, when I come there: nor dares any importune me to Drink, or any in my company as long as I wear this Weed.

I was glad of so good a Priviledge, and intreated his Company and Patronage. VVell, we went Chatting on, untill I observing the Soyl altered, asked where we were now?

This Country (quoth he) ever since we came over the *Lake-Mertheglin*, is called the County of *Ufquebah*, being the first Shire of *Brandy-burgh*; it is not so well Husbanded

banded, yet is more fertil than our County of *Wine-cester*, both in Fateness of Soil, and pureness of Ayr; the People of this Nation are generally Slovenly, and of a Fierce and Terrible Aspect, yet they used us very kindly; we lodg'd in a little City, (I have forgot the Name of it) very quietly, for we found almost all the Town dead Drunk, at our coming; and left them so at our parting.

And next day Travelling through many Craggy, Fenny, Woody passages, we arrived at a Famous Port-Town called, *Aqua Fort*: (Now quoth I) being as weary as a Dog, is not this *Bottles-brook*? No (quoth he) but chear up, for we go not a Foot more by Land, all the rest of our Journey is by VVater.

VVell, to Ship we went, and by this time imagine us Lanch'd into the Main Ocean; but what an eminent Danger, think you we escaped there? Our Marriners were all

all as drunk as Wheelbarrows, not a man could guide himself, one was asleep at the *Helm*, another going about to Row, fell overboard; whom two more seeking to hall up again, had not we two held them, had both fallen after; a third quarrels and layes a fourth over the Pate for not helping his fellow, he strikes again, and too't they go, fight *Dog*, fight *Bear*: All the rest divided themselves into two partyes; now flew the ponderous Oars about their Ears, and hand Spikes and Pump-staves. The water was quiet, and every one used his Oar in the Air; but indeed they were easily knocked down, whose *hamstrings Bacchus* had already cut in two, only two stood Conquerors, who being too weary of the Massacree fell upon us; but we scorning to be put down by a couple of walking Tankards, got up a Brace of Cudgels, disarm'd them, bound them fast to the Mast, and play'd the Sailors our Selves;

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but

but our Vessel sympathizing with her Antient Masters, did so reel from side to side, that had not a brisk gale sprung us forward, we had laid our Bones in the Bottom of those Seas.

As we passed on, I descried as far off a high smoaking Land, and enquiring of my Fellow Traveller how it was called: *That Smoak* quoth he *comes out of Mount Dennis, wherein the Souls of such as lived too sober, are purified by Fire, until some of their Living-Friends go on Pilgrimage to Chappel-Arden for a Bottle of St. Brochio's Liqueur, and pouring it upon their Tombs they are freed.* I smiled at this, and thought now sure I have found the Original of *Purgatory*.

Well, by that time our Sailers were sober, our Ship became drunk; for we sustained a most Terrible Tempest, which lasted all night in most violent manner; but growing somewhat calmer with the dayes approach,

approach, we with comfort had the prospect of our desired Port, which in little time (though with great difficulty) we attained; I was cold and faint, and the motion of the Ship had so jumbled my brains together, that my head seem'd to turn round upon my shoulders, as if it had been set on with a Swivel: I wished heartily for a Dram of Dr. Stephens, and entering the first door I found open, got such refreshment as the Country afforded, and whilest I was thus recruiting my Spirits, my fellow Traveller seeing a sheet of Writing Paper lye on the Counter, exercised his skill in Poetry, expressing the Terror of the late Storm; at which I was very well pleased and therefore took a Copy, which take you as freely.

*All Round the Horizon Black Clouds appear,
A Storm is near.*

*Darkness Eclipseth the scerener Sky,
The Winds grow high.*

*Making the surface of the Ocean show,
Like Mountains lofty, and like Vallies low.*

*The weighty Seas are rouled from the Deepes,
In Mighty heaps.*

*And from the Rocks Foundations do arise,
To kiss the Skies.*

*Wave after Wave in Hills each other crouds,
As though the Deepes resolv'd to form the Clouds.*

*How did the surging Billows Beat and Roar?
Against the Shore.*

*Threatning to bring the Land under their Power,
And it devour.*

*The curled Waves against the Land were hur'd,
As to a Chaos they would shake the World.*

*The Earth did interpose the Prince of Light,
'Twas ^{the} sable Night.*

*All Darknes was but when the Lightnings fly,
And Light the Skye. (Wind,*

*Night, Thunder, Lightning, Rain and Blustering
To make a Storm, had all their Forces joyn'd.*

A Description of Bottles-Brook.

WE found this a pretty sweet Town in truth; it is paved with Bottles, and roofed with Leathern Budgets; I do not remember I saw any Artificer in all the Town; but Leathern Jack-makers, and Taylors for Bottle-Cases. So that now I saw where the *Eat-All-Mains* had utterance for their Hides.

The Men of this Town and Country, use no pure Wine, but certain Distilled Waters, mixed with the strongest Grape that they can get, which are so forcibly hot, that the brittle Glass cannot hold them; and therefore they are driven to fortify their Bottles with Leathern Dublets, Rivetted together with Pitch and Rozin.

The Citizens are fiery of Face, and cholerick of Conditions, and of a staggering manner of Pace in their Going; but that which is most terrible of all, they drink and

they belch nothing but Flames: one of them is able to drink as much Fire, as one of us can Water. A Man would veryly imagine when he saw them, that they were so many *Fire-Drakes*, Or, *St. George's Dragons*: I was in danger before of drowning in Water, but now I feared nothing but stifling with Fire.

There I left my Companion to his Orisons; I loved him well, but my self better, and the next morning got me out of this *Vulcans Shop*, this *Ciclops Forge*; and being upon my way, began to consult whith my self, if it were not convenient to Travel towards *Brew-maulta*, to observe the manners, and fashions of the *Hopsackoctuns*. But considering as my Pilgrim had told me, it was the basest part of the Land, and (but that it is more Beast-like) differs in nothing from the other parts of *Drink-All-Main*. And while I was thus plodding on, with many
Cogi-

Cogitations in my mind what to do,
 to my great surprize rushes forth an
 Ambush of armed *Shee-Landesses*,
 besieg'd me, took me, bound me,
 and carried me Prisoner (the more
 unfortunate man I) a long and
 toylsome Journey, even to the chief
 City of the Land called *Gossip-Pin-*
goa.

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THE
Second Part.

The Description of Woman-Decoia : Or, Shee-Landt, of the Scituation and Parts thereof.

THE New Discovered *Woman-Decoia* : Or, *Shee-Landt*, lieth in that part of the *Southern Continent*, which our *Geographers* of *Europ* called *Psyttacorum-Regio*, the Land of *Parrots*; the *North* side is bounded upon *Lecheritania*, the *South* upon *Thrivings*, the *East* upon two of the *Foolianas*, the
E. 5 Fickle

Fickle, and the Fat: The Soyl thereof is very Fruitful, but badly Husbanded. It is divided into many Provinces, both large and rich, yet all of several Conditions, Habits and Languages. The Principal of them are these, *Tatlington*, *Soldonia*, *Blubberick*, *Giglot-Tangier* high and low, *Cockatrixia*, *Sluts-Burrow*, *Shrows-Burgh*, and *Blackswans-Mark*, otherwise called *Modestiana*; many of these Provinces did I pass through, though against my will; but to speak Truth, *Tatlington* is the best Country of them all, and hath many fair Cities in it, as *Pratlingnople*, *Tales-borne* and *Lips-wagg*; through the last of which runneth a great River called *Slaver*, which sometimes will overflow the Banks, and drown all the lower part of the Country, as far as *Chin-dale*; but the Inhabitants have lately devised strong rampiers of Bones, and bent Leather, to keep it from breaking out.

Of all the Cities of *Tatlington*,
or of all *Woman-Decoia*, *Gossip-ingoa*
is the Principal, thither was I brought
Prisoner: Therefore take first an
Account of their dealing with me,
and then Ile proceed to Describe the
conditions of these New Nations.

*How Quevedo was used by the
Gossip-Ingoesses.*

BEing brought to this City, and so
to the Court, a Bell was caused
to be tolled, and presently all the
Inhabitants came flocking together,
whose diligent eyes began to survey
me narrowly, who stood bound fast
enough for attempting Resistance,
or offering to make any escape.

At length in the midst of the
Multitude, I could hear one bawl
out for silence, this by her Garb
and port, I supposed to be their
Captainess, who by many signes
and much a do, had somewhat aba-
ted the claimer; so that with an
elevated voice, I could hear her
adress

adrefs her Speech to the reft after this manner. *Uncontroulable and Undaunted Goffip-Ingoeffes, Be it known unto you, that we took this Fellow, in the Confines of that damn'd Country of Letcheritania, who are a People you well know that have offered us the greateft of injuries: I therefore hold it fit in taking Revenge of them to begin with this Prisoner, and if my advice may Gain your Approbation, let him be condemned to run the Gantlet To-morrow ftark naked, through our Regiment of Auxilaries.*

She having made an end of my fevere Sentence, (with much ado for the noife to be heard) I got leave to fpeak for my felf, declaring my Nation to be *Old England*; (had I faid *Spain*, I had been ruin'd to all intents and purpofes.) The caufe of my wandring to make fome new Discoveries, of this unknown part of the Earth; that I was no *Letcheritanian*, nor had no acquaintance with any of them:
Telling

Telling her Ladyship that it would derogate much from her Nature and Clemency, and from the Honour of her Just Government, to condemn an innocent Pilgrim.

Well, these good words I can tell you wrought so pretty well, that the poor Young Wenches began most of them to weep; but the Old Countesses were not so soon Mollified; but to the Louse house I must go, till my Country, and cause of Travel was more clearly made manifest before the Grand-Shee-Council, into whose presence I was brought with a Guard next Morning.

Where, if it had not been for my feign'd Countries Name, the only Paradise for Women, which pleaded on my side, I had received Sentence immediately.

Which the *Speaker* of the Grand Council called there the Pratrix, signified to me in these Words, *Sir, It is the Pleasure of this Honourable Counsel, Both to remit your Punishment.*

nishment, and give you Liberty, because they have heard that your Country is Famous for the Freedom of Females.

So I was there immediately quitted by Proclamation, but not without an Oath; for I was brought to Janus Altar, and laying my hand on the same, swore solemnly to observe all these Conditions following.

I. That I should never go about to Injure this Noble Sex, by Word nor Deed.

II. That I should never Interrupt a Woman in her Talk.

III. That I should commit the whole Rule of the House to my Wife.

IV. That I should never betray any Womans Secrets.

V. That I should never deny my Wife any Womans Ornaments.

VI. That I should continually (no matter whether right or wrong) declare the praise of Women, for Beauty, Wit, and Eloquence, and defend it against all men.

Now

Now therefore, you see my Tongue is tyed by Oath, not to tell all the Cunundrums that I saw amongst these mad Wenches; somewhat I may say, but no harm; and He venture to stretch as far as I can without Violating my Oath.

*Their Forms of Government, and
Elections of Persons of State.*

THeir State is popular, each one seeking Superiority; and avoiding Obedience, they have no absolute Laws, but do every thing by the number of their Voices: But the manner of giving up their Votes amazed me, being unacquainted therewith; for they set up a cry altogether, none gives ear, but every one yells as if she were stark staring mad.

They hold a continual Parliament about their more Weighty Affairs of State; now this continu-
ance

ance is necessary, because of their Laws uncertainty ; for the Decrees of this Day may be all disannulled to morrow, but the same day they cannot, lest their Law-givers should seem unconstant.

Every ones voice is a like in worth, the whole City through, but not every ones Dignity ; for they have a certain number of chosen Women, which they call *Gravesses* ; and these have great Authority and Honour in each particular City ; but they are not born to this Dignity, but Elected.

They had once a Custom to Elect those *Gravesses* by Vote from amongst themselves, but every one giving her Vote for her self only, it bred a strange confusion ; which made them Abolish that kind of Election, and make a Decree, that only such should have a Right to Vote, as would profess themselves neither Young, Fair, nor Eloquent ; and this brought all things to as bad a pass

as the other extream; for now there was not one that would Vote for any body at all; so that the State was like to want Governesses.

At length they all agreed (and that was very strange) to pass over those places of *Electresses*, unto Twelve of the most aged Matrons of *Old Mumping-ton*, a ruinous Village hard by, giving them the glorious Titles of *Electres Gravessial*, to set them the more agog to perform their charges.

Insted of Scepters and Swords, the *Gravesses* have Fans and Glasses born before them, great square Christal Glasses. And allwayes as they pass along through the Streets, they prink up their Atires, and Ornaments, and set their Bulls, and curl'd Towrs, in even and decent Order.

The
Original of the Shee-Landesses.

THere are few of these *Shee-Landesses* born in this Nation, and those are such as are transported hither in their Mothers bellies ; but the Principal Inhabitants, are either such as will needs wear their Husbands Breeches, or such as the Husbands Jealousie Banishes ; these run Flocking from all parts hither.

Now all such as are their Husbands Masters, and are thereupon banished for their unjust claim to Sovereignty, these are assigned to inhabit the frontiers of *Shee-Landt*, especially in the Countries of *Shrows-burgh*, and there they are all put in Garrisons.

But as for those that are Voluntier Exiles, being generally of Meek Spirits, they are seated in the heart of the Land, to become Votaresses to Peace and Beauty.

Yet

Yet there is no fear that this weak Publick should go to ruine for want of Members; and Ile tell you why, because there are so many Volunteers comes to this Camp, that the fear is rather want of room for new Inhabitants then otherwise.

I am in great fear, lest my Country Women should have any understanding of this State; for if once they scent it, or get the least smatch of this Land of uncontrouled Liberty, we may e'ne go hang our selves; for the Devil a Female will stay amongst us, nay (which will be dreadful) we shall not have one big-Belly left, to lay the Foundation of a future Age by. Therefore let me intreat you Sir, as you love the preservation of our Lineage, and the General Multiplication of Mankind, be silent in this so important a matter, and keep this Secret, as it highly concerns us undiscovered from our giddy Females,

males, unless we can find a better means of Generation.

Of Giglot-Tangier.

AT *Gossip-Ingoa*, I Obtained, besides my Freedom, the Cities Letters for my pasport; and from thence took my way towards *Giglot-Tangier*, a Country lying upon the *South* part of *Woman-Decoia* toward *Letcheritania*: the Land of it self in these parts, is the Worlds Paradise. It is not many Leagues from *Loves-Den*, which is the first Town in this Road; here I entred into an Aire as delicately scented, as if all the Perfumers in *England* had lately played their prizes here for Sovereignty.

The whole Country round about is crowded with *Apothecaries* and *Pomandrificoes*.

The Women of this *Wapentake*, are generally Tall, and Excellent y adorned with Millinery and Rich Laces,

Laces; only they practice the Art of Cheek-oyling too much, thereby to help the defects of Nature, by the Effects of Art; they wear nothing on their Faces, nor on their Breasts; for their Habit it is fair in shew, light in weight, and so easie to mount with the smallest puff of Ayr; some of them have their Naked parts crusted over with gross painting, but this is most commonly used by the *Commoners* of *Merri-trixton*, who are now no entire Nation, but scattered (as are the *Jews* in *Europe*) through all the Provinces of *Shee-Landt*.

The Women of *Shameless* (for so they call the Shire-Town of *Giglot-Tangier*) have their Houses (Except four Pillars that supports the Roof) built all with *Muscovy* Glass as transparent as Air.

It is lost labour to seek any of them at home, unless you make your Inquest immediately upon their dressing-time, or somewhat before,

before, but lay your Plot to seek them at a Playhouse, or in a Tavern; and it stands upon a good Foundation, for there you may be sure to find them in droves either Laughing, Singing or Danceing, or very diligently imployed in some such Exercise all the Afternoon.

There is one Street in this Town where are more Danceing Schools, then there are Colledges, both in *Oxford* and *Cambridg*, and produces more Practitioners and Proficients; and since the Inhabitants are so merrily conceited, Take the account in four or five Brace of Gingles.

*High-Clif-Rad-Way, for so the Street is Named,
For frisking Female Academies Famed.*

*The Language of the Feet is there Instructed,
And though some Brisk Ones daily are deducted.
From those well-Peopl'd Schools, whose constant Trade
To teach true Vaulting to the Youthful Ladies. (is,
There still remains such Crowds of Beauteous Ones,
Would stock a Court as Large as Solomons.*

*But leaving to their Studies my Brisk Lasses,
To Shrows-Burgh I, from Giggot-Tangier pass.*

But

But leaving the Road on my Right hand, **Doot a boon Sar Hapls an a waa Bit**, (according to the pronounciation of the Natives) wide of this Town of *Shameless*, lieth *Sluts Burrow*: Or, as the Neighbour Countries call it *Scotts-Brough*: To this Town (though it was out of my way) I Travelled, because I would pass by no curiosities; and here I was fitted.

The Air I think might be wholesome, but for the stinking Inhabitants.

Their Beasts hereabouts (as there are a great many) are generally small, women only excepted.

They have great store of Fowl also, as foul Houses, foul Wollen, foul Linnen, foul Pots, foul Dishes, and foul Trenchers.

I saw but little Grass but what was in their Pottage: The word *Hay* is heathen Greek to them, neither Man nor Beast knowes what it means.

I made but small stay here, for I thought it not safe, unless a man could have (for every Morsel which he eats) an Antidote, therefore by the same way I came, I returned toward *Shrows-Burg*, and glad was I, that I was got into the fresh Air again.

Of Shrews-Burg.

IN my return from the Confines *Giglot-Tangier*, being now upon the most Western Angle of the same, I happened (just as my Staff fell) into the Country of *Shrews-Burg*, the only Garrison of this Feminine Government, and the only defence it hath against Foreign Invasions.

Here I was finely gull'd, for seeing Persons in the Habits of men, this is good thought I, I am now gotten out of *Woman-Decoia*; but when all came to all, I found my self palpably couzen'd with a borrowed shape; for in this Country Women wear
Breeches

Breeches and long Perriwigs, and Men go with their Chins naked in Jesticoes and Petticoats, Spinning and Carding Wool, whilest their Wives discharge the main Affairs of State: the *Barbarians* in *Aristotles* time never used their Women half so Imperiously as the men are used here; the poor Snakes dare not so much as wipe their Mouths unless their Wives bid them, nor so much as visit the places of ease, or speak a word with their best Friend, but they must first come to their Wives with a Petition of *Quæso Magistra*, *Good Mistris give me leave to go*, &c. I Observed this Custom strictly required, and the neglect more narrowly peeped into one certain day when I was there, than at other times.

The reason was, because some of the better-spirited Husbands disdaining to be chained in this unmanly Subjection by their Tyrannizing Wives, had laid a Plot among

mong themselves, to rise unanimously on an appointed Night in open Armes, and on a sudden, against this Female Government, thereby resolving to shake off this Infamous and Disgraceful Servitude. This Plot had took very good Effect, had not Misfortune crossed their good Intentions, and Valiant Resolutions.

Which was by the Means of one Cowardly, low-Spirited, narrow-Soul'd, Henhearted Fellow of their confideracy, who being threatned by his Wife to be soundly cudgelled, for some other private Fault; to procure himself a pardon, went and Revealed the whole Plat-form of the Conspiracy, just the Evening before the Night appointed for the performance.

The Women sit at meat, and the Men attend; the Women sleep, and the Men watch; the Women scold and fight, while the Men are fain to ward with their ears, head and shoulders. What

What an uncomly sight was it to see a Distaff and Spindle in a Mans hand, and a Sword and Buckler in a Womans? yet I concealed my dislike as well as I could, desiring only to see without suffering.

If any Woman use her Husband somewhat gentlier than Ordinary, (as some of them are tender-hearted) she is presently informed against, and cited to appear before the High Court of Parliament of *Shrews-Burg*, and there Indicted of High Treason against the *State*; her next Neighbours give Evidence against her with such a noise and fury, that it is strange to see their Impatience.

If she be but convicted by the smallest circumstance that is, she is immediately condemn'd to this Punishment; first, she must change attires with her Husband, and then shave off all her hair; and so being led by a strong Guard of armed

Shrews-Burgisses, through the Market-place to the *High-Cross*, where she must stand one whole day upon the *Pillory*, as an Object to all the fleering Scoffs, and Derisions of those Crouds of Spectatresses; nor shall the man escape scot-free, for being so audacious to accept of the favours offered by his Wife, without a modest refusal. And when the Woman comes home, she must not put off those Garments, or reassume her others, until she brings a Cudgel into the Court all died with the fresh blood of her Husbands broken pate.

He that out-liveth his Wife, must either marry his Maid, and be sworn to her service, as he was to his former Wives, or else he must become Slave to the next Neighbours Wife, wherein he hath this favour allowed, to chose whether to his right-hand Neighbours, or to his left-hand Neighbours; and this Law they call *An Act of Grace*.
For

For no man in this City may be the Ruler of his own House.

In this Country, when the Wife goeth forth either to Wars, Consultations, or for pleasure, she leaveth her Keys, and therewith her whole Authority and Government to her Maid, or her Daughter; either of which, if the Husband but once mutter against, or grumble to obey, nay, should he but pout, or go unwillingly about the performance of his duty, his shoulders are sure to suffer severely for it at his Wives return, unless he can either begg or bribe the Silence of the Deputy-Governesses.

They never Lye with their Husbands, but when an Appetite (for you know what makes them sharp set) for that they hold would procure too much Familiarity: Notwithstanding, If the Husband arise not out of his Cabbin in the entry, or under the Stairs, before the Wife be warm in her Bed, and

coming up stairs barefoot, knock three times very gently at her Chamber door, and offer her his Service in a Low voice, and wait her Answer, he is sure to be Disciplin'd with a *Bastinado* next Morning.

The Women of this Country observe a Fashion directly contrary to Ours, for they clip their hair, and let their Nails grow long.

There are also certain amongst them that are Professors of the Noble Science of Offence, and keep Free-Schools, wherein the rest are taught all the Wards Offensive and Defensive, both of Heels, Nails and Teeth; as also the most Exact and modish Methods of Clawing off the Skin of Mens Faces, Picking out of Eyes, Biting of Arms, wringing of Ears, and tearing of Hair. These Lectures they are instructed in both by Precept and Practice.

I met many of my own Country men (was it not very strange in a Country so remote) whom I knew by sight as well as a Beggar knows his dish: These Acquaintance (like true Friends) gave me Cautions from their own Experiences, of what Inconveniencies might attend me in staying here Long, or being overcurious to inspect their Customs and Manners; also giving me such directions, which with heed I Observed: And following their Advices, found the way (at length, though with much difficulty,) through the dirty Fens of *Blubberick*, over the *Musbrum-Palian* Mountains, and so arrived upon the Confines of *Fooliana*.

But you may ask why I travelled not into that part where the *Modestianians*; otherwise called the Women of *Black-Swan-Mark* had their Habitations.

Why truly, I hold my self Infortunate in that one thing alone,

That I could not come to see their State as well as the rest ; seeing that my mind presaged unto me, that it excelleth all the forenamed.

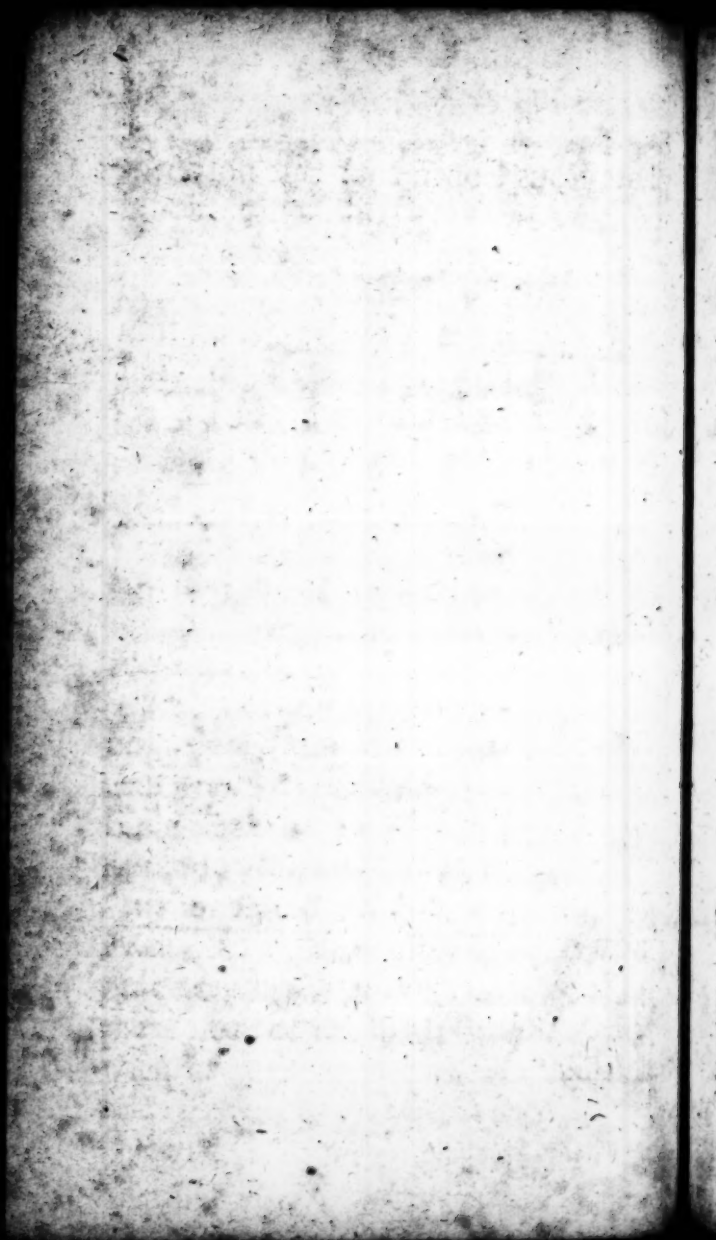
There is such a People, my friend, I tell thee plainly, but the Region wherein they Inhabit, I could never come to discover ; only their name, I had from the Antient Chronicles of the others States, and that as I said, is *Black-Swan-Mark*.

Indeed there are some of them that live as *Hermitisses*, in the *Craggy-Desarts* of some other parts of *Shee-Landt* ; but their Habitations are generally unknown, and almost Inaccessible ; he that will take the pains to search those vast desarts, may by Miracle meet with some of those holy *Votaresses*.

I happened, I think, unless it was a Dream, to see one or two of them, whose variety of Virtues, Beauties and Behaviours, have left me in an extasy until this very hour, which made me so eager in the pursuit of
fo

so pleasing a Discovery, that I almost ranſact every corner of that prodigious Continent: But notwithstanding all my dilligence, could ſet eye of no more. Therefore whoſoever has a mind to Embark in ſo desperate a Voyage; Let him begin to Travel in his Youth, leſt gray hairs overtake him ere he attains his intended Discovery: As for my part Ile give it over.

E 5 THE





THE
Third Part.

*Of the Scituation of Fooliana and
Populousness thereof.*

Fooliana is the most vast and
ill-husbanded Region that
ever mine eyes beheld; and
yet of all, the most populous;
go but upon the Exchange of any
Town of Traffick in this whole
Nation, and you would swear that
the whole World came to trade
thither.

History-

Historyographers in their Account of the number of People that are imagined to be in all *Europe*, say, that *Italy* is supposed to contain 9000000 more or less; *Spain* a number somewhat less; *England* 6000000. The *Low Countries* near as many; *Germany* 15000000. *France* as many; *Sicilia* 1500000. They account also that the Inhabitants of *China* amount to 700000000. That Country parallel'd with the whole Country of *Fooliana*, is rather an uninhabitable desert, than a Peopled Nation.

It Lieth just under the *Antartick* pole, as the Land of *Pigmies* is under the *Artick*; and hence I gather, that the Extremity of cold in both these opposed Regions, is the cause both of the *Pigmies* smallness, and the *Foolianders* blockishness. Nature graceing her self in Counterpoising the defect of the body in one place, with as great defect of wit in another.

Fooliana on the *South*, butteth upon *Belly-All-Main*; On the *East*, upon *Woman-Decoia*; and the farthest Corner of *Theving-genia*: And on the *West*, upon the *Mushrom-Palian* Mountains.

The Parts of Fooliana and the Peoples Conditions in General.

F*ooliana* the Great, is divided into four lesser, as namely *Fooliana* the *Fickle* just under the Pole, *Fooliana* the *Fat* towards the South, *Fooliana* the fond Easternly, and *Fooliana* the Devout towards the West.

The Inhabitants of all these are generally tall, their hair of a pale Flaxen; their heads like Sugar-loaves, their Lips big like *Moors*, and their Ears thick and broad, but their Conditions keep not all one form; some things they have general amongst them, and they are these.

What

What ever Stranger arrives amongst them, they presently entertain him with all the pleasures that Town, House and Table can afford. If ye come to any of them all with a Conge *Spaniard*-like; and either commend his good face, his new Coat, his fine Hand, or his fair House; seasoning his Affections with admiring applause: Your obsequiousness will purchase you any thing, his courtesie will Imagine nothing to dear for you; for good words, and fair promises, is all the Money that this Nation useth.

Yet they have Gold in abundance, which they barter away for painted Feathers, Glass Beads, small Bells, and the Shells of Snails.

The Inhabitants are of a hard Constitution, going bare-breasted, and thin attired in the depth of Winter, to have the more benefit of the Ayr; and wrap themselves up in Rugg Gowns in the midst of Summer, to keep off the heat of the Sun.

They

They have some *Phylosotterical* professors among them, that will go almost naked in the midst of Winter in contempt of the cold; and their reason is this: That seeing all Creatures, except Man, can be content with hair and hide only, Why should not man, that is Master of them all, break through all the Battalions of Cold, being only armed in his Shirt of nature, his Skin? And I promise you it is a very *Sensible Argument*.

You shall never take any of them solitary, for they continually talk and contend in Argument with themselves; sometimes one word provoking him to tears, and another immediatly to laughter, the person being all this while single by himself.

They have also certain Religious virtuoses, among them, who begg for scraps, wandering through the verges of *Fooliana*; and where they find a Stone with any Picture upon it,

it, down they go upon all four with strange mimical conges and cringes. Tapers and noon-day meet ordinarily at every Dinner-time among them, they whip themselves cruelly. First, because no man but themselves will undergo such severe Lashes. Secondly, Because *Calves Blood* is a pleasing Sacrifice in the Nostrils of their god; their Crowns are shaved, lest the hair growing between the Heaven and the brain, should be a Hindrance to the mind in her Celestial Meditation.

The Women of this Nation are the Principal Governesses, which I was told grew first upon this occasion. The *Shrews-Burgisses* had overcome the whole Region of *Fooliana*; yet notwithstanding, by Reason of the Barrenness of the Soyl would not possess it, but left the Natives in possession, upon condition they did homage for it unto them; paying them an *A/s* loaden with Gold yearly for Tribute, which

was -3

was paid a long time, until at length the *Foolianders* brake the peace upon these Terms; though as for the Gold they did not value it; but were contented to pay it, had it been twice as much, provided the *Shrews-Burgisses* would come and fetch it themselves, when it was due.

But for them to force a loving Creature, and one of their Native Town-born Country-Brood, with severe strokes and lashes, to bear this burthen out of their land against his own proper will and pleasure; This they look upon to be very hard, and in their Judgment intolerable; whereupon they revolted, refusing to perform those Articles and Ratifications on which their peace stood.

This Revolt incensed the *Shrews-Burgisses*, whereupon they repair to Armes, and entring *Fooliana*, marching without resistance through the Country, even to the Metropolitan City

City of *Blocks-ford*, otherwise called *Dunce-Town*; and entring the same, Allarms were suddenly spread through the City, out comes all the *Blocks-fordians* crowding themselves in heaps without Armes, or Order. The Foe was Drawn up with Judgment, and Marshallled in good order, who valiantly giving the on-set, down falls a Citizen or two, which the rest beholding, fell prostrate upon their knees with Submission, the Conquerors weapons were held, so that there was a sudden Cessation of Arms.

By and by one of the most Eminent and gravest *Foolianders* made a Speech after this Manner.

Right Valiant and Unconquerable *Shrews-Burgisses*,

HOW could You be so cruel, for one poor Ass, to destroy so many proper Men, and pretty Schollars; for as much as one living Ass might have been more serviceable to Your State

State, Than a Thousand, nay; than five and forty men being as dead as so many door-Nails: Now therefore, take every one an Ass, and his Burthen of Gold, for we had rather live without them, then die for them: Asses are not so scarce in this Country of ours, Therefore we intreat You, put up Your shineing things, and spare the Lives of many Weaponless Men. I know, and to your Honour be it spoken, that your Valour scornes to try the utmost against Men without weapons. Therefore we submitting, beseech You to spare us, and free us from our present fears.

Well, the Conqueresses are moved by this pathetical Oration, and granted their pardons, upon condition that the Women of *Fooliana*, should henceforth in all Domestick Employments have preheminence of Men: To which the Vanquished gave their humble consents, and the Army drew off, marching back
(with

(with the Spoils in a most incredible quantity) to their own Garrison of *Shrews-Burgh*, the most formidable Garrison of all the Provinces of *Woman-Decoia*.

Of Fooliana the Fickle.

F*ooliana* the Fickle is the easternmost part of *Fooliana* the Great, and Bordering upon *Woman-Decoia* or *Shee-Landt*; but you must not expect an exact description thereof; yet how I found it, and how I left it, you shall know as well as I; but if you chance to go thither your self, as many fine Worshipful Gentlemen, and Men of large possessions have done within these few years, and find not the State, as I have described it, blame not any defect in me, for their Forms of Government are so daily altered; that 'tis easier to describe the shape of *Proteus*, or the Colour of a *Camelion*, than discover their form of Discipline.

I durst venture a wager, that the Antient *French* were the first Discoverers of this Country; for there are some Monuments remaining, that that do signify as much; as their names of Towns, their most Antient Laws, and their chief Coyns.

Their Grounds never carry one certain form two years together; that which is pasture this year, shall be arrable the next: That which was all high Mountaines this year, shall be carried away to fill up Dales the next: Nay, they turn the very course of their Rivers.

They have many Magnificent Cities, but they change their Fashion almost every other Jay.

The chief of these Cities, at my first coming, was called *Fair-Felia*; but ere I went away, it was Ordered in Counsel, That it should thenceforth be called *Butter-Flieux*; the whole frame of this City runs upon Wheels, and may be drawn whether the Counsel pleases to Order; or every

every particular mans House where the Owner fees good.

It is Recorded, that the whole City hath altered its Scituation a Hundred times since the Foundation, and thirty times hath quite lost its former shape; when I came there, it was seated upon the River *Water-les*: But there was an Order from the Counsel Board, that the next Winter it must be drawn up to the top of Mount *Want-Wood*; and as I was told, the last place it was wheel'd from, was *Barren-Down*.

The Rivers are so Frozen with extream Cold, that if any be weary of its old place, it may pass the Waters to a new one almost every month.

These Cities often change their formes, for every House is separate from the next: So that as soon as they find the least fault with the old Neighbourhood, away goes House, Household and all, seating themselves in another Street where they

they find a vacancy by the removing of others.

The Cities Arms had lately been, in a field *Argent*, three *Snails* bearing in their *Shells* passant *Gules* : The Motto on a Scrawl *Mea Mecum*, I carry my own; But now it is (as long as it continues so) A Field *Vert*, charged with a *Butterfly* with Wings displayed *Argent*, Flowred *Or*, The Motto *Ubi Libit*, where I list.

Of the Peoples Conditions and Attire.

THE Inhabitants go all in painted Feathers, as some of the East and West *Indians* do; for say they, seeing that these light things are sufficient to keep the little Birds warm enough: Why should we desire more, being much better able to bear out the Cold than these tender Creatures?

Now

Now, when they would seem to have new Cloaths, they change the places of their Feathers; so that that which in the Morning they wore on their heads, cometh before night to wipe the dust from their Heels; and that which kept the knee warm but now, by and by sits up half a yard higher.

They Marry Wives, and love them confoundedly for a while, till they take some occasion of dislike in their Old Bed-fellow: Or, chance to spie another fairer; *Then farwel Wife: And welcome with all my Heart Huband*, saies she to another; for the Wife is commonly as willing to change, as the Husband; and often takes the first occasion, especially if she dislike the Husbonds *Cockship*.

They use a Stranger as kindly as if he were their own Brother; and the next day will pass by him, and forget that ever they saw him.

They

They seldome or never proffer any thing, that they do not recall next breath ; nor do they ever promise, but they afterwards forswear it ; nor do they ever perform any thing, which they do not afterwards repent, and be sorry for ; what they sell you to day, if you dislike it, they will give you double the price you paid for it to morrow.

They make their Laws new every Year once ; for say they, *It is not fit, seeing Mans Life is Mutable, that the Rules of his Life should not be Mutable also ; besides second Cogitations being most Generally perfect, it is a Slavery to be tyed to a first Decree.*

In this City, nigh the *Affchange*, standeth *Turncotes Tomb* ; upon which I read this following Incription, in the *Foolianick Tongue*.

Stay, Sit, Walk, Read : Here
 Lyeth, Standing upright, Tom-
 G kin

kin Turneote, who was neither
 Forreigner nor Freeman; Slave
 nor Soldier, Physitian nor Fen-
 cer, Cobler nor Courtier, Lawyer
 nor Usurer; But All. Who lived
 neither in City nor Country, nei-
 ther at home nor Abroad, neither
 at Sea nor on Land; nor here nor
 elsewhere: But every where. Who
 Dyed neither of Hungar nor Thirst,
 nor Poyson nor Pox, nor Hatchet
 nor Halter, neither by Casualty
 nor Disease, but of all together. I
 P. Q. Being netther his Debter
 nor Creditor, nor Heir nor Exe-
 cutor, nor Kinsman nor Friend,
 nor Neighbour nor Stranger, but
 all. In his Memory have erected
 this, neither Monument nor Tomb,
 nor Sepulcher nor Grave; But
 all these. Wishing neither Evil nor
 Good, neither to Thee nor Me,
 nor Him, But All unto All.

This City stands at present with-
 in few Miles of the City of Gig-
 gum.

gun-Bobba: So famous for the Invention of Pendants, Knots, Fanns and false Curls for the Females: Here also was found out that most Incomparable Fashion of *Sholder Tassells*, by which any Ingenious Man with careful Observation, may come to know his Right hand from his left, and therein readily answer the Queriest without study.

As I Travelled along the Valley *Capricious*, I chanced to enter a Town that had some shape of an University: The Name they told me was *Gallipo-tilliter*; here I met with some Shadows of *Philosophers*, but no substance: It is lost labour to look for any Lectors, Rectors, Books, or Schools of the Seven Sciences here; every particular man being his own Teacher, and his own Auditor: Yet here are two Colledges; one of the *Scepticks*, who deny that any trust is to be given to the Sence; and they are herein so absolute, that they will not believe

lieve any thing positive. Steal away one of their Purfes, or his Gown, and he presently falls in doubt, whether ever he was poffeffor of fuch a thing or no. Strike one of them as hard as you can, he doubts whether you ftruck or not, or whether he felt any ftroke or not. Speak to him, or touch him, though he hears, feels and fees, yet he dares not affure himfelf, that any one thing of this is true.

The other Colledg, confifteth wholly of *Gewgawifts*, who give themfelves wholly to the Invention of Novelties; in Sports, Games, Buildings, Garments and Governments. He that can devife a new Game, or a New fafhion, according to his Invention, hath a place of Dignity Affigned him by the Duke.

He that firft Invented to blow bladders of Sope and Water out of a Galli-pot with a Tobacco-pipe, is of as great Renown among them, as
the

the Inventers of Printing, Gun-found-
ing, and the most Ingenious of Wa-
ter-works are amongst us of *Europe*.
These *Gewgawists* are in great esteem
at Court, and among the meaner
sort too; for many of them will not
so much as have a Button sewed to
their Coats, without first consult-
ing their Approbations.

These *Gewgawists* are not only
Scholars, but Originals, for they
have devised a new Language,
wherein they keep the Mysteries of
their knowledg only to themselves:
It is called the *Supermonical* Tongue,
Parracelsus was provost of the Col-
ledg, whose Judgment went a great
way in the Invention of this strange
Language. But indeed, I am not
sure whether this Tongue continues
still amongst them, or has by this
time given place to some Language
of the Later Edition.

Of Fooliana the Fond.

THIS Part of *Fooliana* is the largest, and most Antient of all the rest. The Inhabitants of it affirm themselves the Original of all other Nations, as *Blocksford* the Mother of all other Cities.

It Lieth in the midst of the rest, as the Navel of this goodly Body; on the East it hath *Fooliana* the *Fickle*; on the West the *Devout*; and on the North the *Fatt*. The Southern part of it is called *Cocks-Combaia*, of which the farthest Sourthern canton is just under the Pole, where there is an *Iron Rock*, just like the *Rock of Loadstone* that is under the North Pole, and this is the reason why the Compass (after you are past the *Equinoctial*) declines toward the South.

This part of the Province of *Cocks-Combaia*, is peopled with sloathful Inhabitants, but the Northern
part

part is possessed by more Industrious and Active Spirits.

Had I not beheld the strange behaviour of these Southern *Cocks-Combians*, I could never have believed that Nature had bestowed so Divine a Gift as Reason, upon such brutish Animals; for all of them go like Beasts upon all four, nor do they know any other way of Travelling.

There is no house in all this part of the Country, because, neither the Inhabitants can build any themselves, nor will suffer others to Build any; for they dare not adventure under a Roof, lest it should fall upon their heads.

They are every year many of them starved to death, with hunger and cold, for they can neither dress their meat, nor make themselves Apparel, or Bedding; nor can they speak one word of Sence, There's not a man of them knows his own Father, nor his own Son, nor Wife; nor how to Return the

same way he came, nor can distinguish a Bear from a Sheep, or a Lyon from a Catt; nay, there are some of them, that cannot tell whether they should put their meat in at their Mouths, Nostrils, or Ears. In short, Imagin you saw a real *Ass* in Humane shape, and such a one is a true *South-Country Cocks-Combaian*.

Of Ass-Sex.

ASS-Sex a Northern part of *Fooliana* the *Fond*, is somewhat better furnished with wit, and worthy of a Travellers Observation; the People account themselves wonderful wise, and profess the searching into Natures most Abstruce Effects, never leaving till they have drawn one reason or other, from the very bottom of Investigation.

They have but one eye a piece; not Born so, but the Parents at the Childs.

Childs Birth plucks out the other as being useles in nature; for say they, when one Eye is shut, the other hath a stronger faculty to discern.

Part of this Nation go all naked, to avoid the Labour of caseing and uncaseing: Some of them have Houses built without Walls, that the fresh Aire may have free Access; some of them build Nests like Daws in the highest Trees, partly because they might dwell nigher Heaven, and partly to exercise themselves in Climbing.

Every particular man has his peculiar Opinion, and profession; ambition and desire of Glory, draws some of them into strange and incredible Actions; you shall have some going up and down the Streets on their Heads and Hands, others flying about with Wings made of Wax and Feathers.

Some like your *Italian Mountebanks*, draw the People together, to behold the effects of some rare *Unguento*, or some strange *Engine*.

Others out of the basest Mettals, by a Secret Art, can extract the purest Gold; 'tis worth the laughing at, to see the Toylsome folly of these Extractors: These Students for the *Phylofopher Stone*; for look ye, while they hope all goes well, it being brought to the Magnitude of a *Brick-Bat*, they are gull'd, and gull'd and Treble gull'd, and yet can't find in their hearts to give it over, till all their Gold be converted to Dross, and all their Land by fire turn'd to Aire.

One of them of late, as I was informed, would needs repair to the *Oracle*, to know the event of this so ponderous a business; the *Oracle* gave him this answer, *Tra-vaillex*, which is, *take pains*; home comes my Student with such an Extacy of Joy, as if he had hold
of

of his god by the Finger; and when all came to all, it was the *Devil by the great Toe*. Well, to work he falls, with Circulations, Sublimations, Conjunctions and Ferminations, till all his Brazen headless labour ended in putrefaction, till Revenues and Reputation were both dead and rotten; whereas indeed, the *Oracle* gave him better Councel than he could comprehend, *Take Pains*. That is,

*A Mattock, and a Spade, will get thee Gold,
Sooner than Chymistry a Thousand Fold.*

*Of the Cityes of Cockscorn-baya
and Als-Sex, and of Blocks-
ford the Metropolitan.*

THE first City I Accosted in this Country, was *Hollow-Pate*, a Town of Good antiquity and well contrived, but affords no rarity; therefore I leave it, and pass on to
Banble

Bauble-dock, a Corporation Worthily Famous, for the Wisdom of their *Aldermen*: These men a little before my arrival, held a Court about Determination of a very doubtful matter; which was thus.

The Sky was very Cloudy, and a terrible storm of Rain or hail was generally feared. The Mayor immediately calls a Bench, who were to Consult how to dispel the suspected Storm.

The First Mans advice, was to Ring all the Bells in the Town; another Advised rather to make great Fires in every Street; thereby to dry up the Moysture of those thick Clouds; at length, the Opinion of one of the gravest Aldermen was demanded, who standing up, Confutes the Opinions of the two former Politicians, adding his advice, which was, that the only quirk to avoid the impending peremptory Storm, was to Issue forth Immediate Orders, commanding

ing.

ing all the Citizens to shroud themselves under the Roofs of their own Houses, and so let it all fall to the ground, that so when those bigg-fac'd, bragging Clouds, found no resistance, they would destroy themselves, and expend their fury before they were aware; Was not this an ingenious Intrigue? Yes, believe me t'was, and had the Unanimous approbation of the whole Bench; *Twittle Twattle, don't tell me, Wisdom is not bound to Inhabit only Europe.*

Blocks-ford The very eye of all Terrestrial Cities is here seated, *Civitas Angelorum*, are but *Peas-Markets* in comparison of this.

It stands partly on a plashy plain, and partly upon a little Mountain, both lying Northward, a great distance from any Wood or River: The upper part of the Town serves the lower with Snow-Water; the lower serving the upper with Spring-Water.

There:

There are in the Circumference of the Walls, just *Sixteen Gates*, wherein (to the Founders Fame) it exceeds all the Cities of the World by four; the Geometrical form is neither Circuler nor Oval, but like the portraiture of a mans Body; he that Surveys this Town, will Imagine that he beholds *Prometheus*, as he lies bound upon Mount *Adazer*: Or, the Lineaments of some mighty *Colossus*.

The Market place is on the Hills top, for that being the Head of the City, Administers life and Nourishment to the expanded Body.

On this Mountains top, the *Magnificoes* and *Seniors* of the City have their habitations, to the end, that as they are the Head and Eye of the City; so the Body should lye as a fitter Object to their prospect.

Down from this head descendeth a narrow Street, which resembles the Neck; which is Inhabited only with

with *Sergeants, Beadles, and Deputy Constables*: From the lower end of this Street, do two other extend themselves on either side, resembling the Arms and Hands. These are peopled, though but sorrily, with Handy-crafts Men, but with few or no Crafts-Masters.

The Bulk of this Fabrick Lyes in a Broader Street, and here you have all your *Inns, Ale-Houses, and Taverns*, down to the Loyns; the lower parts being Inhabited by *Scawingers, Jackes-Firmers, Broom-Men, Fish-Wives, and Card-match Wenches*, which I shall Let alone.

The *Magnificoes* build their Houses of a stately Form, and very lofty, to be thereby the nearer to Heaven; and more elevated from this unrefined Dunghil of Terrestrial Conversation. Their Houses are curiously depicted within, with the Names of their Ancestors, Guests, and intimate Acquaintance; Done with Charcoal, or the Flame of a Tallow Candle.

The

The *Grand-Dunsonions*, for so the Burgomasters Tytle themselves, whilst I was there, held a *Parliament* about matters of State in general; and in particular about Securing, Brautifying, and Advancing the Publick good of this City of *Blocksford*, where every one (as is allowed) gave his Opinion, touching the Commodious Advantages thereof; one Advises them to cause a Convenient Haven to be cut through the Mountains, (though it was above five hundred Miles from the Sea) that Ships may Trade to the City; produceing examples of other Cities, whose Glory stood wholly upon the Riches of a Navigable Trade.

A Second riseth, and to confute all the others Arguments, Discourses what a dangerous thing it is to repose Confidence in such an inconsistent element; producing divers Examples of Cities that lay buried in the devouring Womb of the Seas.

Ano-

Another rather advises, that *Conduits* may be Erected in the Vallies, that will elevate, and defuse the Water in smaller streams, without fear of Delluges; which may be conveyed in pipes from below to the Mountains top, which is easy to be done; saies he, for if you observe the Water, how it bubbles upwards, thereby denoting, that it is willing to ascend, if it had but Pipes for Conveyence.

Well, none of these passes the Approbation of the *Bench*, but then suddenly up starts a Fourth, and he is for raising a high Mountain above the City, for these subsequent uses.

First, because the whole World might not take notice of the Actions of the *Blocks-fordians*; and more especially of the *Grand-Dunsonions*. Secondly, That thereby the City would be better fortified. Thirdly, That they might be better defended from Cold, by the warm Scituation of the City, under so high a Mount;
and

and that this Mountain the Inhabitants of the Valley should dig below, and so lay it together above the head of the City, and then a Bridge should be built from one Mountain to the other; by which the City might be Accommodated with necessaries.

This Speech ended, up steps another, and smiling, demands if it were possible *that a Valley should produce a Mountain*: But said he, should we allow a possibility, yet to build a Bridge were indiscretion; for, should a Traveller stumble, or lose foot-hold; there were no way in the World to escape present death, or which is worse, the breaking of an Arm or a Leg: No, but if my small Experience in State-Affairs, may Receive Approbation of this Grave Assembly of *Dunsonions*, I would rather advise to an enterprise which may be easily effected, and would advance the Honour and Dignity of this Metropolitan City, which is this: That

That every man according to his Ability, shall erect a Spire upon the top of his House; and upon the uppermost point thereof shall advance a *Cock*, Vulgarly called a *Weather-Cock*; either of Brass, or Silver, with a *Combe* of Gold, or Goldsmiths Work. This *Cock* to be moveable, and to follow the express commands of the Wind.

And in every Spire I would have *Chimes*, or at least a *Clock*, to strike hourly; which being once compleated, O! What Pathetick Spirit can express the reduplicated delight which will redound from hence, both to the Eye and Ear!

To see such a glittering fulgur of *Lofty Spires*, and to hear such a sweet Clamor of *Harmonious Bells*.

He had not quite closed his Mouth, before the whole Court opens in Acclamations, and Approbations, of this Project, so gravely and States-Man like propounded, and presently the Bench arose,
com-

Commanding the performance, according to this so Learned Advice; so that, he that in his Travels shall hereafter Arrive at this City, will find it in far more Glorious Estate then it was my hap to behold. That's certain, for I saw some of the *Seaffolds* raised before I came from thence.

Of the
Marquisate of Spendall-ezza.

NEre unto *Blocks-ford*, lyeth the *Marquisate of Spendall-ezza*, a Country not long since very Rich, and of Antique and Honourable Memory; but now it is quite gon down the Wind: I observed nothing worthy of note, except a Large Forrest called *Acteons Dogg-Kennel*, and an Eight square City called *Hey-Dice*; with another little Corporation, by the Inhabitants named *Hawks-Pearch*.

The Inhabitants of all these are the

the only Spenders under the Moon; they study nothing in the World but the Mystery of scattering; some delighting in Rich *Habits*, some in *Doggs*, some in *Hawks*, some upon a pair of *Ivory Cubes*, or *A pack of Speckled Past-boards*; and thus their patrimonies take Wing, and when all is gone but Garments, Ene have at all, and farewell them too.

The *Dice*, or the *Brokers*, are their Ordinary Chapmen; well, what's a man but his pleasure: But now whether this *Marquisate* belongs to *Fooliana the Fond*: Or, *the Fat*? that I cannot resolve: But however, I am sure 'tis within the Territories of *Fooliana the Great*.

Some Lawyers and Usurers have formerly inhabited about this Country, but in this Latter Age they are all transported, and most of them dwell now about the City of *Pick-Pocket-an-gul*, in the Province of *Thevingenia*, of which I shall discourse by and by.

In

In this Continent joyning to *Spendall-erza*, is the Antient port of *Cold-harbour*, which is joyning to *Prodigalls Promentory*, which is a Sanctuary to Banckrupt Debtors. To this place Reforts all that are cast in Law, or such as are Insufficient to satisfie their deluded Creditors.

Those in this Country that have any Sons, Assign them their patrimony before Nature allows them any Beards: And if in case they dye before this time, all the Estate is left to their Wives; out of which she pays their debts by *Sequestration*. But if they bury their Wives, they lavish more on their Funerals, than would serve for a portion with the Foulest of their Daughters.

Of Clawback-Court.

Between this *Marquisate* and *Fooliana* the *Fat*, lieth another Nation called *Clawback-Court*, which is peopled with the strangest Monsters that ever man beheld; every man has two faces, and speaks with two Tongues.

This Nation is Born to servitude, and voluntarily make themselves Slaves to the *Magnificoes* of *Fooliana* the *Fat*, which Borders upon this Country? And though they are so sottish, that they cannot of themselves enterprize any thing worthy of commendation; yet they can immitate, and Counterfeit any Action they see done before them. The World has not the like for exact resemblances; they neither wear Attire, speak word, or do deed, but they have seen the like before.

When

When I was there, they halted all upon one Leg, and went Spitting and Spawling from Morning till Night : The Reason was, as I since understood, that *Seignor-Tickle-Ear* their Governour, had of late hurt his Foot, and withall was troubled with an Old *Pocky Cough*.

There are by Report, some Galants among them, pertaining to the Court, speak to, or look but upon one of them, and you shall have him presently kiss his hand, cringe in the Ham, and with a Laborious Congee, like an *Eccho*, Reverberate the last word you speak; and with an Applauding smile twist within you, with the most fawning Terms imaginable, Mustring up a whole *Heralds-Office* of Titles, and top-heavie Preambles. Then putting his lips together, stand hovering for your next Syllable, to understand how his last was approved: which if Current, though scarcely Sense, is presently Recorded in his
Tables

Tables as more than Humane Concept, nay, as an adored Oracle; then standing with his Eyes fixt on the Element, adores you with as warm a Zeal, as a *Drink-All-Main* does *Bacchus* upon all four.

These incredible Courtiers are the Principal Gentry in these parts, or at least their outward appearance presents them so: As for the rest, they are, or look like *Barbers*, *Sales-Men* and *Milleners*.

They acknowledge no *God*, but the man whom they make choice to serve; and him they observe with more Sacrifices and Adoration than an *Idol*, but it is from the the Teeth Outwards.

The first City in this Region is called, *Praise-all*: A sight-affecting Structure; but so slightly Built, that there is no hope it should stand long. It is much enriched by the Traffick of the River *Fiction*, and is often damnified by the Inundations of the same. Nere this

H Town

Town standeth a Village called *Tongue-Walk*, where the Inhabitants are continually talking; this Village is Scituate at the Foot of a Mountain, from whence it ariseth as far as *Tickle-ear*, a Famous Burrow-Town, where stands the Manner-House of their *Senior*; who derives his Title from hence.

The Inhabitants imploy themselves in continual Laughters.

On the other side of this Mount, lieth a pleasant valley called *Soothing-Dale*; and at the further end thereof, is a *Marsh* called *Scoffstowfen*, which reacheth down as far as *Shamesteed*; a Town of infamous note, whither they use to banish all their *Witches*, *Conjurers*, *Ast-trologers* and *Almanack-Makers*.

Of Fooliana the Fat.

THIS Region appears to exceed all the Southern Countries round about for Wealth and Pleasure; and were it as it seems, I question whether the whole Northern World, could find a Country to parallel it: But indeed, the People generally feign to have what really they have not; and do fairly amplify that which they possess.

There is a double ledg of Mountains extend some ninety German Miles in length, and between them is a spacious Plain of the same length; and this is *Fooliana the Fat*, through which the River of *Ease*, a very goodly Current, hath its course, with many Semi-circling Meanders.

Do but imagine what delicate Prospects, are from so many stately Cities, as are ranked on the Mountains sides, over the fertil

Plaines, so Richly watred; and stored with fat pastures, which are Inviron'd with comely ranks of flourishing *Willows*.

The neatness of these Cities excels their number; yet are they but of a slight kind of building; and though their outward forms promise all decorum; yet within you shall find very little good Order.

At the Mouth of the passage, through these Mountains, standeth the Castle of *Braggadril*, proudly Built, but beggarly Stated; And nigh unto it is *Backbiting-Burg*: By this Town is a Rock of incredible altitude called *Breaknecc Cliff*; it is as broad at the top, as at the bottom, and beareth the form rather of a Tower built by mans hand, than any work of Nature. This Rock is as famous for a place of Execution here, *as ever the Tarpeian Cliff was in Rome*.

On the other side of this Famous Cliff stands the City of *Bawds-*

Den.

Den. This City has been oftener on fire than ever was Old *Rome*; partly through the Negligence of the Citizens, and partly through the aptness to take fire; for they use in their Buildings *Brimstone* instead of *Lime*, and *Brandy* instead of *Water*, which serves them instead of *Tarris* or *Morter*, being mixed together.

Adjoyning to this, is Scituate another little City called *Puncks-nest* Built all of *Flint*; and a little further towards the Frontires of *Idle-Burg*, lie those large Mountains, commonly called *Holiday-Hills*; where the people keep continual Revels, and sit in Judgment upon such as offend by observing working dayes.

Two fair Cities are seated on these Hills, *Games-bury* and *Merry-Com-twang*; and on the East side of them the River *Ease* falls into the River *Idle*, making three or four *Islands*, called by the Inhabitants

the *Dancing-Isles*, Inhabited only by *Organists, Pipers* and *Fidlers*.

The
Quality and Conditions of the People.

EVERY Individual man in this Country professes himself a Gentleman Born. And most of them can shew *Pedigrees* for a thousand years before the World was created; you shall have their Galleries drawn with their Lineal and Collateral Descents, though the Neighbours are able to prove, their *Grand-fathers* were either *Carters, Costermongers, or Coblers*.

Their best sort of Gentry content themselves with the poorest fare that ever attended a fasting-day; yet some of them perhaps will make a feast once a year; which for excess of Provisions, and Multitudes of Guest, will put a period to the Inviters Revenues; who all the year after will defraud
his

his barking stomach; to accomodate the back with the best he can rake together; yet will they never acknowledg or confess their defect of Belly-Timber, but the contrary; where ever you meet them about dinner time, you may observe them picking their Teeths, as if newly come from the destruction of a Regiment of Dishes.

No man that knows them will lend them a Groat upon their Credits: Therefore they are obliged to to hire their Apparel at the Burrow Town of *Brokeria*, or take it up at Bumaree of the Merchants of *Tallymore*.

They give themselves tedious long Names, and delight to have their Country and alliance mentioned in their Titles; which being joyned together, it is directly impossible to pronounce in a breath. *The Gentleman - Cook* at the Ordinary where I dined, was named *Signior Hernando Ganzalo Ribadenira*

de Toledo; They wear their *Swords* generally as long as their *Titles*; for I hapned to be there when the Youth were *Training*, or indeed more properly *Trayling*; as appears by their *Trayling* of *Swords* at their heels, as we our *Pikes* to accommodate the Funerals of a Field-Officer: But hold there, stand clear a little, I am resolved to have one touch at this long *Sword* with my verse-Pen:

*Walking the Fields to view the Martial Train,
With Drums and Colours Marching on the Plain.
That which I saw which most Delight affords,
Was Pigmy-Gyants, with Gygantick Swords.
Have you a Barbers Pole, or Sign-Post view'd,
Such was each Weapon, as to Longitude:
But was not altogether quite so Large,
Hung like the Rudder of a Western Barge?
The Pommel like the Helm, each by his Hand,
Steers his small Burthen'd Bark with, at Comand.
The Guard or Hilt I fancied did appear,
Like nothing more than a deep Cullender.
I saw one drawn; and then it look'd, me thought,
Like a long Spit run through a Porridg-Pot.*

Which

Which on a March Good Service may afford,
 Steal but a Lamb and Spit it on the Sword;
 And a good Shift for Rost-meat, take my Word. }

Ostridge Feathers are as dear with them, as *Russia Furs* with us; some of them will hang Bells at their heels, that the noise may attract peoples eyes upon their graceful carriage as they pass the Streets.

One thing I marvelled at among the rest, (as well I might); most of them, instead of Meat, live upon the fume of a certain Herb, which they receive through a long Engine made of white Clay into their Mouths; from whence it issues like the fume of a *Brewers Chimney*; I know not certainly whether they had this from the *West Indians*, or the *West Indians* from them: Yet some affirm, that the *Indians* of the *Torred Zone* Invented the same to make themselves black within, disliking to have their inner parts of one Colour, and their outward of another.

Some of them waſt their patri-
monies upon this kind of Diet,
Smoaking ſo long till all the Fat
be in the Fire, and all the Fire out
of the Kitchen.

Some of them eſpecially in *Bawds-
Den*, and *Punks-neſt*, keep certain
females as long as their Eſtates
will laſt; (certain did I ſay) well
I was miſtaken; for when they have
ſweetned you out of moſt of your
Superfluous Guinies: Their Lodgings
are removed, and 'tis very uncer-
tain where, or when, either you or
their Landladies ſhall ſee them a-
gain. Theſe had formerly the Ti-
tles of *Harlots*: But ſince their
Language has been more Civil-
ized, they give them the *Alamode*
Name of Courtezans, which the Mo-
dern Translation Renders *Miſs*: Be-
ſides a Wife, theſe Supernumeraries
are allowed, to ſuch as can maintain
them both by Law, and the Anti-
ent Cuſtom of the Country.

(155)

Of the
Paradice of Fooliana the Fat.

THere is not in all *Fooliana*, so Rare and Stupendious a Monument, as *The Paradice of Fooliana the Fat*; A work worthy of admiration: You shall afar off, behold a shining Mountain all of pure Gold, or it seems so, and that's as good; framed in old time by Chymical Art. On the top of this Mountain standeth a Palace of Cristal, built by the *Goddeſs Fortune*, where ſhe Inhabits, giving freely all Abundance to her Credulous Worſhipers.

Hither do People Flock from all the Nations of the World; but eſpecially from *Fooliana the Devout*: There are very few in the World but have ſeen this Mount, and Aſcended it.

Men

Men may talk of our Lady of *Loretto*: Or, *St. James of Compostella*: They are but Defarts in Comparison of this. Here the Pilgrims lye prostrate in the Valley as thick as hailstones in the Road after a frosty Storm, but none must approach the ascent of the Hill, till they behold a white Banner displayed, which is a sign the *Goddess* is pleased they should ascend; then unanimously with Acclamations they bellow, *Madona Scoperta*; and then run that run can, crowding one another in the narrowness of the passage; happy is he that can get first; each praying that it would be the *Goddesses* pleasure to grant his desires.

One prays to attain his Love; Another, that Fortune would send him a Wife that is no *Shrew*: A Third, for *Honours*; A Fourth, for *Riches*; here you shall have a parcel o' Young *Heirs* praying for the *Deaths of Parents and Uncles*;
and

and there a *Crowd* of *Beardless Students*, praying devoutly for the Funerals of the *Reverend*, and *Right Reverend*.

Their was an *Old Fat Blade* Cloathed with a Coate paley of *Argent* and *Sable*, and on his head a *Crown* of very *Antick* Fashion, almost like a *Dutch-Womans Stove-Pot* with the *Bottom* out; this kind of *Crown* the *Inhabitants* call a *Timer*. This *Old Fellow* prayed heartily for the *Death* of the present *Pope*.

Another *King-like Person* sued for the next *Monarchy* that fell; but he was sent away as cold as a *Snow-Ball*. Here stood a *Flock* of hard-favoured *Wenches*, most of their suit was for *Beauty*; some for *Sweet-Hearts*; There a parcel of *Old Women* with as many *Oaken Trees* in their heads, as *Teeth*; and these expected to be set back to the age of *Eighteen*: You must note, there were abundance more than I could take notice of.

Well

Well, But how came they off? For that take one Example of a person that sought for Honour: Comes one of the *Flammins* to him, blindfolds him, takes him by the hand, and leads him through a hundred Turnings, to a place which he is to believe is the Temple of the *Goddeß*, not to be beheld with mortal eyes, and therefore he was Muffled: Down he must upon all four, and kiss the pavement, and so continue without moving, till the *Goddeß* call him by his Name: Then let him demand what he list; (If he effect her commands without delay or distrust) be his request never so difficult, it shall be fulfilled. Well, he propounds his petition, which was the highest pitch of earthly honours: the *Goddeß* assents very gratioußly, commanding him to receive a Holy portion; whereby his Spirits should be better adapted for the ensuing felicity; the *Flammin* presents him the Cup, which

which he freely drinks off, praising in his thoughts its delicious taste; being ignorant that it is a portion prepared of *Poppy, Opium* and *Lettice*; and such other procurers of Sleep; well, within an hour he's as fast, that it is as easie to remove a Mountain as to awake him.

Then the Attendants lay him in a Rich Bed, and in a Chamber like a Kings, Clad with Ivory, and Arched with Golden Pillars; all the Tables spread with Carpets: *The Arras of Champania, and the Tapestry of Alexandria*, are but *Sackcloth* in comparifon to them.

About the Door stands the Attendants in Gold Chaines, and all other Courtier-like Accouterments, expecting when this *Endimion Junior* will awake, which is commonly three dayes after; who lifting up his head, beholds the Room with amazement: And seeing this fair company of shining attendance, is wholly transformed with wonder.

Whilest

Whilest they approach in Order with a Ceremonious reverence, saluting the awakened King, with the Titles of Majesty; (I protest this is brave): sayes one, What Apparel will it please Your Majesty to wear to day; either your suit of *Tissue* Embrodered with *Rubies*, or your *Gold Vest* with *Carbuncle Buttons*, or your *Pearl-powdered Campaign*? Yes, yes, *Tissues*, *Rubies*, *Pearles*, *Diamonds*, *Carbuncles*; hay day, why the mans an *Endimmion* indeed; and won't change states with the *Man in the Moon*; for all his Cellar of *Claret*.

Well, Rich Garments are brought, every one Assisting to array this Mighty Monarch, setting a *Diadem* upon his head; adorned with *Pearles* of Incredible Magnitude, and Lustre: All this goes well still.

Well thinks he to himself, get Dinner ready, (as'twas time, having not eat in three dayes); so thought

thought, so done; Dinner is prepared and served up in State; such rare Services; such brave Attendants; with such Harmonious Musick. *Nineteen Muses* can't furnish a man with words sufficient to describe it.

Thus is the whole day spent, the fine King supposing all his own still: Well, Night comes up with supper; and up comes Supper with more Rarities, and Richer Attendants then waited at Dinner; and for Conclusion of the Feast, the Royal King has tother Draught given him of the Holy Potion, which presently locks up his senses fast enough; and then my poor twelve-hours King is stript of his *Tissues* and *Rubies*, and reinvested with his own Garments; carryed out at a Postern Gate, and laid in the High-way for passengers to gaze on; who when he awakes, falls into as great amazement as before, and calling to mind how glorious

a state he was enthroned in yesterday; and now finding himself utterly deprived of all; curses his own misfortune; not attributing the least deficiency or unwillingness to the *Infallable Goddess*.

Of Fooliana the Devout.

UPon the Western part of the two *Foolianas*, the *Fat*, and the *Fond*, lyeth *Fooliana the Devout*; a Region fertile enough in it self, but through the Inhabitants negligence, altogether uncultured.

The Inhabitants are of Opinion, that a man cannot do God better service, than in the utter neglect of himself.

There are several pretty Hamlets in this Province; as *Fragment*, Sirnamed the *Mouldy*, *Wonderfield*; and a little way from them, lieth *Creep-ham-high-Cross*, and *Cringing-Beck*.

The

The Borders of this Nation are but desarts; and some of the Villages have but few Inhabitants, as *Lent-Stow*, *Pilgrims-Inn*, and *Scourge-Nock*, are left almost desolate, only once a year they are visited by some few *Venetians*.

The number of *Monastries* in this Country, exceeds the Number of their Towns; there is not one Freeholder Inhabiting in all these parts, for the *Cloysters* have Monopolized all the Land every Straws breadth, to make the better Cheer for their *gods*.

Four sorts of Building is observed in this Country, *Temples*, *Monastries*, *Hospitals*, and *Hovels*.

They are all of one Religion, but they know not what it is; for they profess Ignorance, and neglect enquiry, following Tradition.

In their pace, they make continual *Crosses*; one thigh Thwarting the other at every step; so likewise, they carry their Armes one
Cross

Croß another: They have goodly *Temples*, and yet they will down on their Marrowbones in the open Fields (if they spy but an Antick-face upon a Stone, or an Old Logg) ratling their Beads at least two and fifty times over.

There are more gods belonging to this Country than men, some of them augmenting the number of their Deities with Adoration of Horses, Hoggs and Hounds; every day giving life to a new Deity. There has been two hundred made in one Temple upon one day.

These *Foolianders* never touch any thing, be it Water, Oyl, Salt, Wax, or Iron, before the Divil is driven out of every corner of it.

In this Province, is the rarest Miracle that ever Nature saw, or man heard of. In the Hamlet of *Wonder-field*, there is not a Stone but can hear, see, weep, laugh, move,

move, cure Diseases, sweat Blood, and do more than ever was done by the *Semones*, the *Dæmons*, or all the Black-Guard whatsoever.

The State

Publick of Fooliana the Devout.

THEIR principal Governor, is a Compound of *Emperor* and *Priest*, or half *Prince*, and half *Bishop*; *parte per pale*, wearing a *Crown* upon a *Miter*: Or, a *Miter* in a *Crown*.

There is alwaies born before him, a *Key* and a *Sword*, the emblems of riches and Power. His *Key* signifieth, that all the *Foolianders* Cabinets are at his Command; his *Sword* denotes, that he may at his own pleasure take from others, and defend his own.

All

All that comes into his presence, must kiss his *Toe*. He is not born, but chosen, to this Dignity; yet not before he be very Old, lest the People should be weary of him, before he be weary of his Life.

He seldom Rides but upon Mens Shoulders, to shew that men in respect of him, are but as Beasts in respect of Men.

He never demands a penny Tribute of any Subject, but what they give willingly; he receives thankfully, and spends freely.

He makes no Laws, nor keeps any; nor issues any Decree, but once within two Years it is out of use.

He useth his Servants with much Familiarity; and when he pleases, lifts them up above the greatest Men in his Court.

I might have learned much more in this Court worthy of Observa-

(167)

Observation ; but to tell you the Truth, I was weary on't, and did not care to tarry any longer then needs must.

THE

Q. Yes, I was weary and did not sleep well.



THE
Fourth Part.

The
Description of Theevingenia.

Its Scituation.

T*Heevingenia* is bounded on the West with the *Streights of Magellanus*, and on the East with *Fooliana* the *Devout*, and part of *Belly-All-Main*. It is a Soyl so utterly void of fertillity, that not a *Shepheard* nor *Husbandman* can be
I found

found in all the borders ; yet is it not strange that this barren Country should so abound in all necessities ; nay, and Superfluities also ? There is no rarity, or excellent thing of valuable worth in the World, but they will have it by hook, or by Crook ; and when they have got it, you may as soon get a fart from a Dead man, as recover it again from their Clutches.

The Easternmost part is enriched by the *Spoyles of the two Foolianas ; the Fat, and the Devout.* The Western by the *Spaniards Cacaplates.* These are the most Notable Pyrates of the Globe.

The whole Country is divided into two Seigniories, *Robbers-Walddt,* and *Liegerdemain.* The first of which butts upon *Fooliana,* and an Angle of *Belly-All-Main :* The latter lieth more West.

Contrary to the other *Thievin-genians.* The wandering *Robbers-Walders* keep themselves in their

own Bounds; but all of them are for the most part Barbarous and Inhospitable.

*The Conditions
Of the Robbers-Walders.*

Robbers-Waldt is divided from the two *Foolianas* by the *Fenns*, usually called the *Filching-Fenns*; wherein there are Many Islands made by the turnings of the Water; The whole Region is so Woody and Mountainous, that it seems rather a Desert than a place Inhabited; and appears a place fitter for Rebellion, then Habitation.

Their Language is very crabbed, and though I did not care to understand it; I observ'd in it a *Mixture of Welsh*; which seems to have been taught them by some Antient Travellers of our Western *Brittains*.

This Seigniority is Indifferently well peopled, but under no Government; each man holds himself born only for himself, and liveth obeying and respecting himself only; what he gets from another is forthwith his own, as good and Lawful prize.

In Bodily shape they are like us, only all the Inlanders have *Claws* upon their Hands instead of *Nails*; and this is not only Natural to all the *Robbers-Walders*, but to the *Liegerdemainists* also.

Upon the Mountaines of this Soyl breedeth a kind of People called the *Bandity*; who usually beggs of Passengers, with a *Fezee* upon their Shoulders: they are the Keepers of *Booty Forrest*, a frith so called; which is of that breadth, that the high *Dutch Hercinian* adding to it *Englands Sherwood*: They are both but a dayes Journey for an *Irish Loufe*, (Let her march never so fast) if compar'd to this.

He justifie, and be as good as my word; that if *Hercinia* kept ten thousand Thieves, (as 'tis supposed it did, *Booty Forrest* maintains a hundred thousand *Hercinia*! Why 'tis a Blanket for a Cat, a meer Cock-pit; nay, 'tis no bigger then a Tobacco-Box, in comparison of *Booty-Forrest*.

You shall not find any man of State but keeps a Fort or Garrison: And in these Fortresses they keep all they purchase; and thats no small prize. They are no Shittlecocks; what they have they hold.

When they march out upon their Expeditions; The poor Commonalty are sure to untruss their Portmantles under the Branches, and lay their Noddles close to the Root of some Antient Oak, (*Sic fuit ab Initio*) quoth the Gentleman to the Chandlers Son; So did your Fathers, and so must you, be you never so top-gallant.

Some of these *Villiacoes* lye in wait to make prize of poor Passengers; and when they catch them, they uncase them to the Skin, not leaving them so much as a tatter, to serve for a Curtain to the Worlds propagater.

The *Liegerdemainists* of late made a Decree, that no Younger Brothers shall have any share in the Fathers Land; and this Law hath added a great multitude of Volunteers to the *Robbers Walders*.

The *Devout Foolianders* you know are great Lovers of Crosses. Well, but they cannot love them so much as these hate them; therefore if any of them hap to be taken in *Robbers-Waldr*, farewell *Fooliander*, up they go as round as a *Fuglers Box*; and the chief reason is, because these *Devout Foolianders* do use to mock the *Robbers-Walders*, by making *Gibbets* at them with their Fingers.

There

There is continual Dissention and Civil Wars among themselves, about injurious Booties forced from one another, or about dividing the Spoyles. And take my word Sir, the whole World fares the better for't; for should they lay their heads together against our world, we might e'n put up our Pipes, and cast our Caps at the Moon, for any Estates we should hold long.

It is a great Commendation, and sign of towardness in their Children, to be expert at Filching in their Early Years, which they are taught to practice from their Infancyes; you shall have the little *Theevelings* while they suck at their Mothers Breast, to pick pinns out of their Heads, and Pence out of their Purfes: But if they be taken in being either too slow-handed, or to boysterous, up goes their Bumms without Baile. And

as they grow in Years, they must Augment their practice, by stealing Ducks, Geese, and so advancing to Cattle: If Trading be dead, and nothing of worth to be had, then they must keep their hands in practice, by stealing a Clod from their Neighbours Ground, or a stake from his Hedg. This is usuall among the Borderers of *Liegerdemain*; between which, and *Robbers-Waldt* lyeth a large Heath called *Lyers-bury-Plain*, of which we will Discourse when we have passed the Marine parts of *Robbers-Waldt*.

The
Pyrates and Sea Borderors
of Robbers-Waldr.

THESE Pyrates disperse themselves all along the Shores of *Magellanus's Street*, on the Banks *Theevingenia*, and among the Isles of the *Filching Fenns*.

Europe affords not any Sea-man that knows his Bays, Creeks, Tides, Shells, Rocks and Channels better than these men do in general; besides, they naturally Swim as the Fishes themselves.

Their chief Haven is *Jeer-All*, a Town of no great strength and compass, but of as hardy Pyrates as the World affords; it is Scituate in that Angle of *Robbers-Waldr*, that lyeth just upon the head of the *Filching-Fenns*, over against a part of *Belly-All-Main*.

The Shores hereabout are reported to be edged with Rocks of Loadstones, which draws the Ships upon the Coasts- from an incredible distance.

A little within the River *Filching* there is another Town called *Lysal*, which takes Tribute of all Vessels that pass that way.

The Inhabitants lay out great Hooks baited with Load-stones, wherewith they Angle for Ships as do for Trouts; and where it once seizeth, it keepeth its hold fast. These are also good Swimmers, being as expert and perfect in the Art as the *Dolphins*, and like *Crocodiles*, or *English Otters*, live as much in the Water as on the Land; of these do our *European* Navigators stand in great fear.

Of *Lyers-Bury-Plain*, and of the
City of Pick-Pocket-Angul;
 with the *Nature of the Lieger-*
demanians.

NOW I return to *Lyers-Bury-*
Plain, which lyeth upon the
 verges of *Robbers-Waldt* and *Lieger-*
demain; And serves for a free Com-
 mon to them both; there is a River
 Runs through the midst of it cal-
 led *Memento*, which divides the
 whole plain into two parts; and on
 this River are divers of the *Lieger-*
demanian Towns and Garrisons fea-
 ted.

Ever since *Spain* obtained the
 Conquest of these *Indians*, that bor-
 der upon this Continent, the *Lie-*
gerdemanians have tollerated the Je-
 suits, (those busie-bodies that will
 needs scald their Chops in the
 whole

whole Worlds Porridg) to pay their visits here; and also to Inhabit this Land; which the Irruptions of the *Robbers-Walders* had otherwise Depopulated.

Here are many *Astrology-Schools*, whose professors are more in favour with the *Leigerdemanians*, than any other Artists whatsoever, except *Poets* and *Lawyers*.

Here in a little Town called *Prediction*, I set up School my self, and read the Lecture of spying wonders in the Heavens urinal, as Methodically as any *Star-gazer* of them all: I had my *Ptolomy*, *Tycho*, *Guido Bonatus*, my *Bencorat*, my *Zabel*, my *Messahalack*, my *Abbo-hali*, and my *Hali Aben Razeheh* all at my beck; and by their Prescriptions I wrote an infallible Prognostication of these present Times.

These *Liegerdemanians* are far more Sociable, or at least more cir-

circumspect and secret in their intrigues than the *Robbers-Walders*; for what these do in publick, the *Legerdemanians* act privately, living under a Law and a Prince also, whose Title is *Triberio-De-Golden-Gripo*; he keeps his State in a Delicate City called *Free-purloyn*, Scituate in the very heart of *Lyers-Bury-Plain*.

They never budge abroad in the day time, but keep within-doors, and contrive, what they bring to Action in the Night: They hate the *Sun*, and love the *Moon* with like extreams of Affection.

The Trees of this Soyl are Naturally qualified like the Inhabitants: No Bird can light upon them, but is presently taken as with Lime-twigs.

The Chief Town of traffick in these parts is *Pick-Pocket-Angle*, wherein are two Streets, *Tongue-Street*, and *Pawns-Brook*, which in
my

my judgment, exceeds all the Streets of any one City in the World, for length and stateliness of Buildings. *Tongue-Street* is the general Rendezvous of all the *Lawyers*; and *Pawns-Brook* of the *Brokers*, *Usurers*, *Tailors* and *Scriveners*.

'Tis most certain, that no Nation under the *Moon* is stored with *Lawyers* as this is, who if they want means of Contention, play the Seedsmen themselves; sowing the Seeds of Animosity and Discord among their peaceable Neighbours.

Our *Westminster*, adding all the *Inns of Court* and *Chancery* to it, makes but a meer *St. Katherins-Hall*, in comparison of the *Inner-Temple* of this Town.

Their Numbers do daily encrease; yet notwithstanding, it is the Opinion of the wisest Politicians of this Land; that they cannot continue long; for when they have eat up
the

the whole Country, as they have almost done already; they must needs decline for want of Clyents, unless by the want of business to imploy themselves, they should fall out, and go to Law one with another; and by that means disperse abroad what they have Ravenously claw'd together, among the Commonalty again; and indeed, by this means, they may leave to their posterities, a prospect of more business, and better employment, in succeeding Times.

These *Lawyers Footmen* are cloath'd in party-Coloured Liveries, *Like the Knave of Clubs*, to signify that their Masters are ready to take Fees on either side.

The Usurers afford them a considerable part of their imployment; but principally the violent Current of the River *Fraud*; which running among the *Quirkney Isles*, eateth away one piece of Land here, and
casteth

casteth it up there; and afterwards washeth it away from thence, and layes it in a third place; changing its course now and then, and taking away one mans whole Estate; gives it to another: And this is that which makes work for the *Lawyers*.

Nature has wrought a very strange work upon the Inhabitants of this Town; their Skins do naturally attract Gold and Silver, with as powerful a strength as the Loadstone draweth Steel, and holds it as fast: If a piece of Gold touch but their hands, it sticks so close, that it is impossible with all your strength or force to unloose it from thence; a thing never seen elsewhere, and therefore the worthy of Record.

Pawns-Brook is peopled with all sorts of Artificers; yet they open no Shops, but every one attends the Passenger at his own Door, with a
What

What lack you Gentlemen? And then if he gets a Chapman, he leads him in, and shews him his Wares in private; one shall shew you a chain Crusted over with thin Plates of Gold; and swear, that India, nor Arabia did never afford purer Metal.

Another Cheats you with a counterfeit *Musk Cod*. A third with *Pearls* so dexterously adulterated, both for Weight, Fashion, Clearness, Smoothness and Bigness; that you cannot discern them from true ones; and there will he shew you the Shells wherein they grew. Here also you shall have your *Lapidaries*, with Gems of all sorts, able to delude the most discerning Eye in the World: The *Cyprian Diamond*, the *Sicilian Agate*, the *Indian Berrill*, the *Persian Eagle-Stone*, the *Affrican Chalcedon*, the *Sythian Smaragd*, the *German Corneil*, the *Ethiopian Chrysolite*, and the *Lybian Carbu-*

Garbuncle ; here they are all, and many more ready prepared by Art-Forgery.

Here are also *Apothecaries* in great abundance ; and these do nothing but Sophisticate Receipts with their *quid-pro quo*, which would fill a Volume to make a discovery of their Deceits.

One thing I am both Amaz'd and Grieved at, they are never taken in their Falcifications, be they never so Palpable ; but they have this Prevention, they can change their Shapes, Voices, Trades, and Habits instantly, and so Cunningly, that he goes about to wash a *Guiney-Negar* white, that seeks for the man to day, that bubbled him yesterday.

There is a Famous School in the Suburbs, where *Art-Spagirick* is read to the Youth of this City ; and here they have a Book which they esteem as Holy as the *Turks* their

their *Alcaxon*; it is called the History of *Mercury*, wherein is related, how he in his Infancy, stole *Neptunes Trydent*, *Mars*, his *Sword*, *Phæbus* his *Bow* and *Arrows*, *Vulcans Tongs*, and *Venus's Girdle*; and how ingeniously he cheated *Jove* of his *Thunder*, being as then so young, that he must of necessity learn the Theory of this Art in his Mothers Belly: This Book containeth also, all instructions pertaining to the said Science, whereby the Student is thoroughly furnished with all Expert and Methodical Rules, how to Pick Locks, how to draw Latches, how to Tread without noise, how to Angle in a Lock'd Chest, with a twine Thred; how to Nim the Cole and never touch the Purse, and how to forswear all without Blushing; and a thousand such Secrets.

One of these Practitioners was ingeniously over-reached by a Merchant

chant Trading to this City, (no *Foolianian* I assure you) from whose Pockets some Forty Royals had disembarked themselves at the publick Exchange of this City: Well, our Merchant resolves to Fish for the Angler and to put his resolution in practice, caus'd his Pockets to be lin'd with Fish-hooks, fastned with the points downwards, and coming upon *Change* next day, would often clap his hands on his Pockets; this Bait was a sign of care in him, and of purchase to the busie Eyes of the watchful diver, who observing when he was more busie and less careful, slides his hand gently into the Trap, which the Gentleman all this while observed, but took no seeming notice, till he found him sunk pretty deep; when giving a sudden half turn, my nimble Artist was as fast moored, as a Ship with two Anchors at head, who rather then
view

view the face of Justice, disgorges the Royals very willingly, and (*Receiving two or three kicks on the Arß very thankfully*) sneaks off.

There are in this Town more then a good many *Inn-Keepers*; these are Knaves Rampant. A Traveller dares not trust his Purse under his Pillow, nor in an Iron Trunk; but must as the *Jews* did when Besieged, swallow their Gold all the night, and rake for it in his Close-stool next Morning, or it would be gon every scruple.

The Villages are only inhabited by *Millers, Taylors and Hostlers*; or according to the Antient Orthography *Oatstealers*, unless by chance you may meet with here and there a few straggling Gypsies.

Of the
Province of Still-More: Or,
Nunquam. Satis.

Not far from *Pick-Pocket-Angul*, lyeth the Province of *Still-More*, Antiently called *Nunquam Satis*.

It is in the Hands of a Monstrous sort of Humane Creatures, such as you see depicted in the Emblems of *Mondevill*, with Heads like Hogs.

They go alwayes on their hands and Knees, lest they should miss any thing as they pass along the Streets, as is worth the taking up; their Voice is a kind of a grunting.

None are allowed to dwell amongst them but Old Folks, their Youth if they be Valiant, they send into *Booty-Forrest*, or else to the Schools of *Pick-Pocket-Angul*.

They

They do eat earth as the Woolf does when he is to fight; and some of them eat nothing at all, but live upon the sight of Gold and Silver, and never sleep but with their eyes open.

They serve a God, whom they call *Full-Chest*, with all Superstitious Reverence; and they never go to their Rests till they have seen him, nor do they eat but in his presence.

In the heart of this Province is a vast and bottomless *Lake*, called the *Gulph of Usury*; into which divers pleasant and famous Rivers, pay the last offerings of their *Silver Streams*; though no *Current* can possibly be observ'd to take its head from this *Lake*; It being suppos'd to have some subterranean passage, which they imagine breaks out at the foot of *Executor Hill*, in the *Marquitate of Spendaleza*.

On

On the Banks of this dead Sea, are seated several Considerable Cities, whereof *Extortington* is the most formidable for a Garrison; it is under the Government of the *Lord Covetuous Rack-rent*.

The Citizens are unwilling to attempt any thing that is hazardous; yet when once they are In-gaged, will study a thousand In-trigues and Stratagems to preserve their interests.

This City was lately invaded, by the Valiant *Mendico*, Son to *Tatterdemallion Duke of Ragland*. The Reason of which Invasion was (as I am inform'd) That whereas the Inhabitants of this Province, were Obliged by certain Articles, to defend and protect the Tatter'd Offspring of the Duke of *Ragland*: They have of late, not only withdrawn their assisting *Auxilia-ries*, but likewise committed many Outrages upon his Subjects, having
lately

lately Murdered one of his Antient and Dear *Allies*, called *Hospitality*, and sorely bruised another, called *Charity*, which Cruelty was committed by Sir *Lavish Lackwit*, Son-in-Law to the Lord *Covetous Rackrent*, by driving a *Coach* full of *Ladies* (with *Six Horses*) over them.

The aforesaid *Mendico*, with a mighty Army of *Raglanders*, having a *Confedracy* with, and Assistants of, two other Valiant Commanders, drew up his forces against this City, and besieged it: These Assistants were Senior *Gulletto*, Marquess of *Bowfington*, with his Regiment of *Journeymen-Shoomakers*; and *Count-Coucumber*, with two Regiments, consisting of about 20000 *Journeymen-Tailors*, all Cloath'd, not as *Adam* with *Figg-leaves*, but what is more serviceable, *Cabbage*; there came also as *Voluntiers*, a Troop of *Old Serving-men*, and another of *Younger-Brothers*.

R During

During this Siege, many Sallies, and Skirmishes happened, the Besiegers for the most part being the greatest Losers, especially at that Resolute and Fatal Sally of Captain *Tallymando*, who with a Party of Foot, Consisting of *Marshals-men*, made great havock amongst them; so that what with the hardships of a long Siege, and being infeebl'd with dayly Losses, they were compell'd to quit their Stations, and leave the Citizens to their Antient Liberties, whilst the Recruitless *Raglanders* with their Weather-beaten Troops, drew off to their Winter Quarters: and 'tis thought Poverty will hence-forward keep them in Peace.

Touching the other Cities of this Province, there is *Swine-burrow*, a filthy stinking Town, then there is *Gatheringington*, *Hoardssterdam*, and *Lock-ad-a-lid*, all handsome Built things; but truly I could not come to View them with
because

(177.)

because every particular Citizen
of all these places, hath a private
Key to the Gates, to Lock at their
going out, and their coming in;
so that by this meanes they pre-
vent the Access of all Strangers:
Therefore expect no farther Ac-
count of them, nor of any others,
till farther discoveries are made,
by a second *Travel*.

FINIS.
